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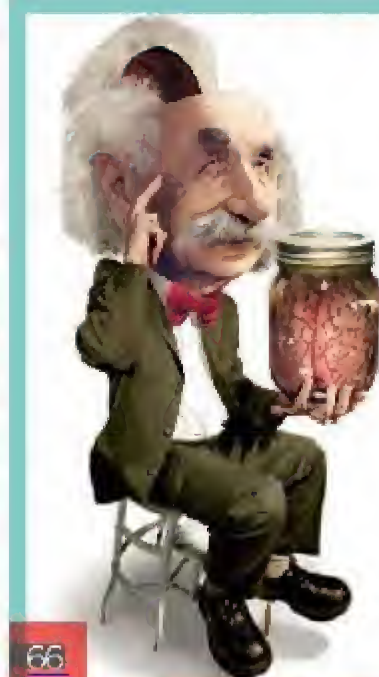


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Correction from July 2008: The Sunny Leone pictorial, "Star of India," should have been credited as Photographs by Charles Lightfoot. We apologize for the error.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP LEFT) DESMOND BOYLAN/REUTERS/CORBIS

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around and pressed himself against me. His body spooned mine as he reached around to cup my tits with his big hands. I moaned and straightened up slightly to feel the solid ridge of his cock against my ass. I couldn't wait to have him inside me and he knew it! I was facing the mirror when he spread my feet apart with his.

My ass was tilted upward, waiting to feel him inside of me. He reached down and slid a finger between my saturated lips, spreading them wide open, then slid one deep inside me—my moans grew in volume. When he slipped another in, I closed my eyes and threw my head back in pleasure. But before I could let loose more sounds of lust, Tony stuck two fingers in my mouth and I sucked on them hard. His fingers were giving me a serious workout and he had me writhing in urgent need. Feeling his rock-hard cock rubbing against my ass wasn't helping.

"Fuck me now!" I hissed, as my muscles spasmed around his fingers. When he replaced them with his cock and began fucking me with the long, steady strokes I love, I gnawed gently on my bottom lip and met him thrust for thrust. I would have cried out, but his fingers were on my lips again. While I sucked on them, he kissed that special spot at the base of my neck that makes me lose all sensibility. The deep moans and heavy breathing meant anyone outside or in the next dressing room would know what we were up to, but when you're that close to coming, you just want to reach that peak and the hell with everything else. When I felt him surge into me and explode, I came, too. It was fucking incredible.

I leaned against the mirror with Tony against my back, panting until we both regained some measure of control. I turned to look at him and smiled. Tony had no idea he'd played his role perfectly. I couldn't wait to get him home to tell him what a thrill he'd given me, but he was more interested in what I was wearing. He straightened the material in the front and said, "I like this one—a lot!" —L.J., New Jersey

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Dressing-Room Sex

I was in my favorite adult boutique, looking through the display of "Just Arrived" toys to kill time until my boyfriend arrived. I'd told him we were going to pick out some trashy lingerie together. What I didn't tell him was that I was going to lure him into having hot dressing-room sex! It had always been a fantasy of mine, but I knew it would be even better if he didn't know my plan. I was getting wetter by the minute just thinking about whether or not we'd get away with such a stunt.

By the time Tony walked through the door, I was imagining seeing his face in the mirror, feeling his arms around me and, if I was lucky, his hard cock deep inside me. I steered him toward the racks with the leather corsets and bustiers. We selected a couple and picked out some babydolls and chemises. I pulled him toward the dressing room and told

Anyone outside or in the next dressing room would know what we were up to.

him to stay close so he could tell me which ones he liked best.

I left the louvered door slightly ajar as I tried on a black negligee. My breasts filled the cups and when I turned, my ass cheeks were just visible beneath the hem of the sheer black fabric. *He'll love this one*, I thought, as I cupped my boobs and felt my nipples harden under my fingers. When the door moved slightly, I knew Tony was trying to peek inside. My skin suddenly felt hot, because I knew I had him. It was just a matter of seconds.

When I looked up, he was quietly slipping into the room, coming toward me. One look at the tent in his pants and I knew he was hooked. This was going to be so good! He turned me

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WORK AND PLAY

My personal policy was never hook up with a guy I meet on the job, but as soon as I laid eyes on Max, I knew he was going to be an exception. When he walked up to the stage it was hard for me not to notice how sexy he looked, with his nut-hugging jeans and form-fitting shirt. He looked like he did a lot of heavy lifting—unlike most of the guys I see. I was on my knees, clutching my bare tits, moving sensuously to the music. Our eyes locked and I imagined him fucking my tits right there on the stage in front of everyone. With his money in hand, he motioned me toward him. This wasn't anything new, but when he leaned toward me and said in one of the deepest voices I'd ever heard, "You are so beautiful," my skin flushed with heat.

Now, usually I'm in complete control when I dance, but this guy almost made me lose my cool. He was so fine and smoldering hot, I just knew I wanted to take him home with me. I turned and ran my finger under my G-string, giving him just enough leeway to slip a bill inside. When he finished, I let the thong snap back and turned to face him. He leaned toward me and said he'd buy me a drink later. It was neither a question nor an invitation, but a statement. He seemed so confident that I briefly considered ignoring him. The fact that I was even thinking about dealing with the guy said volumes about the way he looked and made me feel. I wanted this guy bad!

I finished my act and flashed him a tantalizing smile before going backstage to change. I took my time getting dressed, then met him at the bar. The bartender poured my usual and Max and I flirted, making idle conversation until I finished my drink and picked up my bag. Max left some bills on the bar and asked if he could call me a cab. I thanked him, but since I had my own car, I offered him a lift, which he accepted.

When he got in the car, he pulled me close and gave me the sweetest kiss. If the kiss hadn't been a winner, I'd have asked for his address. Instead I asked, "So, your place or mine?" He didn't seem surprised.

"Yours will do—if you live close by," he said, nibbling my earlobe. And that's how I made the 15-minute drive to my place—with Max's hands

and lips sending ripples of pleasure through me, as I tried to keep the car on the road. My panties were soaked by the time we got to my apartment. I led him inside and pulled him into the bedroom, our lips fused together the entire time.

We quickly undressed and groped each other as we moved toward the bed. Max pushed me back and went straight for my pussy. His fingers slipped back and forth along my pussy lips before pushing deep inside. His thumb pressed against my clit and I thought I was flying. But when Max's hot tongue touched me I saw stars. This guy really had a way with pussy.

When I opened my eyes, Max was waiting, cock in hand. I pulled him down for another tongue-twisting kiss and guided him inside. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and pulled him in deeper. My body trembled and I moaned into his mouth. I felt his power as he rocked into me, slowly at first, then harder and faster.

I wanted it to go on forever and it seemed as if it would. Max moved me from one position to the next, taking me every way possible. I lost track of my orgasms, but it didn't matter as long as Max's stamina held up. He stayed hard longer than any lover I'd had, and he was such a good fuck. When he came, his orgasm was massive. I felt the intensity of his release as his body tensed and he groaned.

Max left early the next day. I wanted to ask him to stay, but I didn't. Rules again. But a few weeks later he walked into the club while I was dancing. One look at him and I knew I was going to break the rules. —S.J., via e-mail

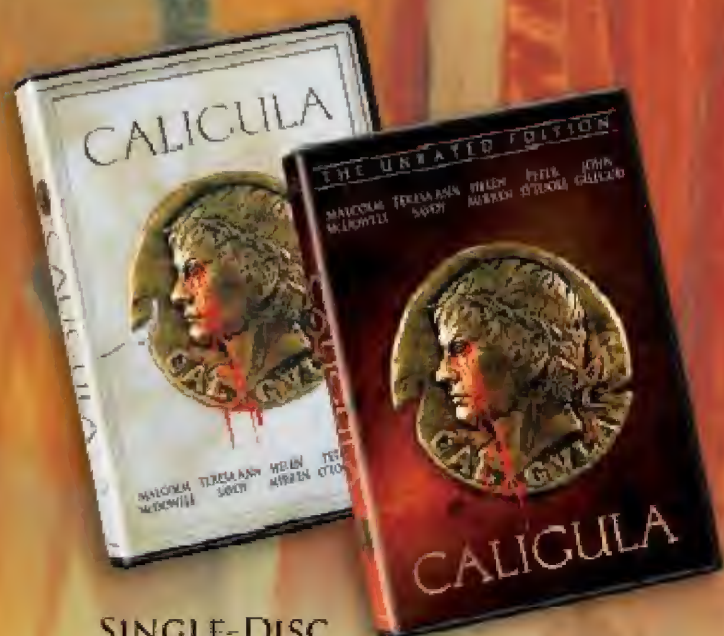
More letters on [page 140](#)

Max moved me from one position to the next, taking me every way possible. I lost track of my orgasms.



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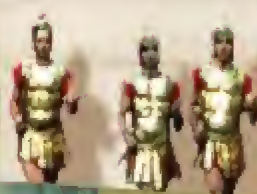
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Love Will Tear Her Apart

On her brilliant debut album, dark pop princess Kerli Kõiv claims *Love Is Dead*. Now that you've seen her, we think you'll respectfully disagree.

Kerli Kõiv apparently always looks good. How else to explain her fetching getup when we meet for a simple cup of coffee: a soft yellow dress draped seductively over a jet-black corset. The overall effect is such that Kõiv resembles the sexiest bumblebee ever. Her arms are adorned with black leather and metal bracelets, and her long, platinum-blonde hair tickles what we couldn't help but notice is a well-toned back section.

But Kõiv is much more than a pretty face (and, yes, a stunning figure). In 2002 she won *Fizz Superstar*, the Russian *American Idol*. Now the 21-year-old Estonian is releasing her debut album, *Love Is Dead*, which, despite the downer title, glitters with sharp Björk-ian notes. And while it's certainly catchy, it's far from the saccharine drivel by most pop tarts. Duly inspired, we did our best to improve international relations.

"I want somebody with a lot of integrity who doesn't run after every pair of tits."



Tell us how you got into making music.

I was born in the USSR, and the mentality there is that no one is supposed to be better than anyone else. You're not supposed to have dreams, you don't leave the country, and you're not supposed to show your emotions. I had this dream to get out of that situation, and the only way I knew people did that was they became a pop star. But the older I get, the more it's about music.

When you moved here, why did you land in Los Angeles?

I fell in love with the wrong guy. I came here because of a guy, and I didn't know any other person here.

How did that work out?

Not at all [*laughs*]. My second day in the hotel room, I called and asked him, "Do you want to hang out?" "No."

Your debut is heavy on eerie elements—where does that come from?

When I was 16 and famous in Estonia, I had my whole face pierced. I had neon-pink hair and was this rebellious teenager, so they called me the little creep Kerli. I love creepy, but all this bondage stuff I wear and the dark in my music represents restriction. It's my upbringing. I like to mix it with light stuff because that is my soul. It's like a pure white soul being restricted.

How is the Estonian dating scene different than dating in the States?

I don't know. I don't understand that word. Every person I've ever been with ... it's just instant. Here, I don't understand that we're dating, and then we're exclusive or not. When you're in

love with somebody, why would you want to go be with somebody else?

What kind of men do you fall in love with?

I don't care about gifts. I don't care about somebody taking me out and paying for me. What I really want is acceptance for what I am and what I do, and I expect the person to be spiritual, I guess. I want to look up to my man. Also, when I grew up, my father used to comment on every female that walked across the street, so I really don't like any of that douche-bag stuff. I want somebody with a lot of integrity who doesn't run after every pair of tits.

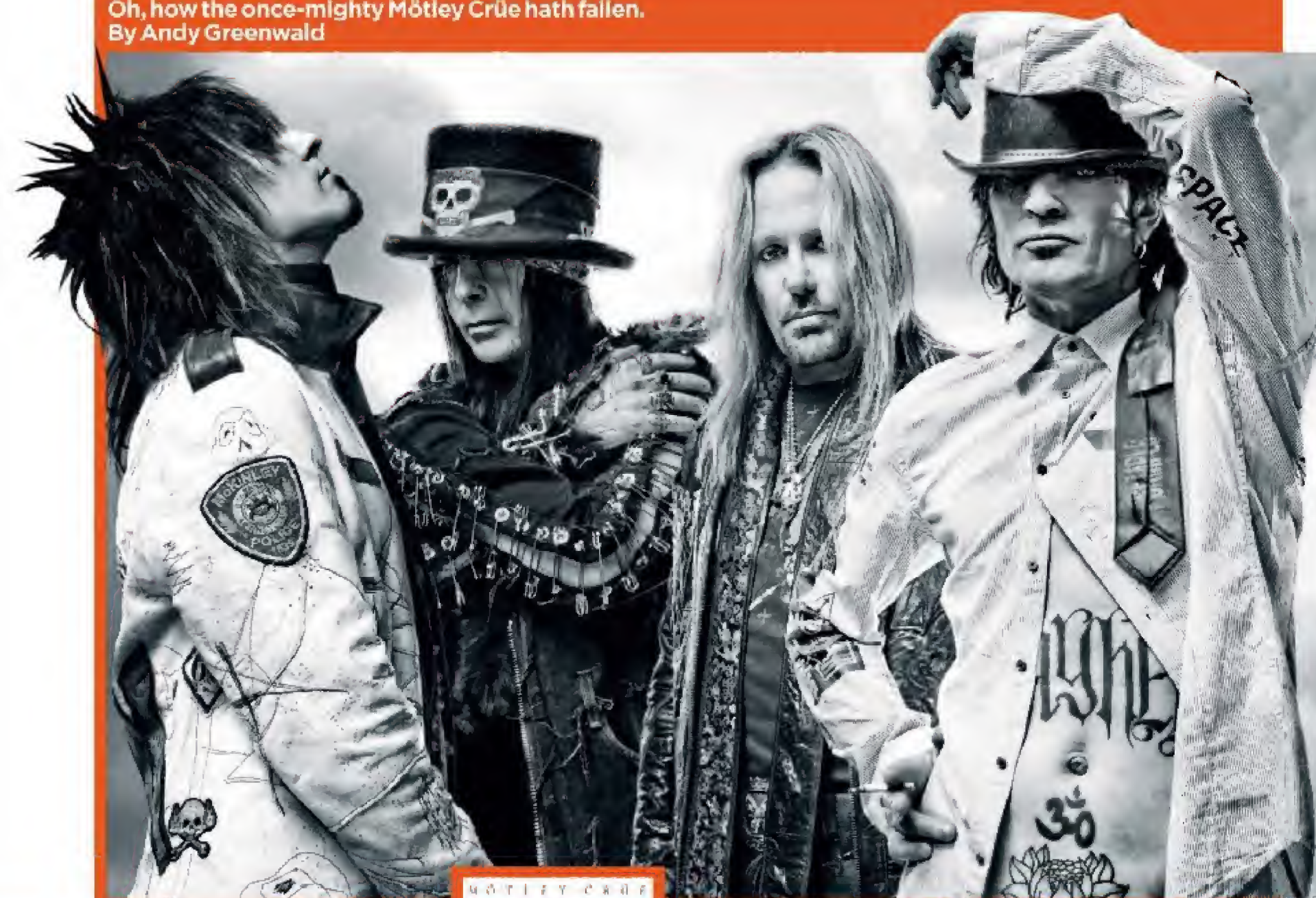
If a *Penthouse* reader wanted to go to Estonia and impress a girl, what would be a good thing for them to say?

That they're American. That would work out just fine.

MAIN STAGE

Sixx Feet Under

Oh, how the once-mighty Mötley Crüe hath fallen.
By Andy Greenwald



Behold the opposite of aging gracefully. (Aging clumsily?) More than a quarter century since their ferociously feathered hair and notoriously naughty appetites first set the Sunset Strip—and, later, the rest of the world—ablaze, Mötley Crüe returns with their ninth album, the first in more than a decade with the original lineup. At first, all seems well: "Face Down in the Dirt" and "Down at the Whisky" reminisce about the bad old days of bounced rent checks and sleeping with half the women in L.A. Vince Neil's voice still squeaks and crackles and guitarist Mick Mars still coaxes decadent squalls of feedback out of his Les Paul. But soon enough things turn ugly, and not sexy-ugly. The familiar glammy wink has been replaced with a hard, unsmiling edge. On top of that, Tommy Lee's drums are buried in

MÖTLEY CRÜE



SAINTS OF LOS ANGELES

MÖTLEY CRÜE
Saints of Los Angeles
(Mötley Records)

★★
Penthouse Pick:
"Down at the Whisky"

the mix, and on the dumb "This Ain't a Love Song" (actual lyric: "This is a fuck song") and the witless "Chicks = Trouble," the Crüe crumbles. They sound old and oddly angry about the girls, girls, girls they used to fetishize. We fear what toothless songs might come next.

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

Shout at the Devil
(1983)

The Crüe's second album defined the sleazy sound of the Sunset Strip. Check out "Ten Seconds to Love," where Vince Neil tackles the sensitive subject of premature ejaculation.

Penthouse Pick:
"Shout at the Devil"

Dr. Feelgood
(1989)

This was MC's crowning achievement critically, commercially, and in terms of overall sobriety. The band returned to their glam roots and even dropped the trippy ballad "Without You."

Penthouse Pick:
"Kickstart My Heart"

Girls, Girls, Girls
(1987)

Album No. 4 took the band's notorious hedonism to entirely new, uncharted, and definitely illegal territory with tributes to whisky, girls, motorcycles, and whisky.

Penthouse Pick:
"Dancing on Glass"

Generation Swine
(1997)

After a number of sucky years with singer John Corabi, the band finally caved to record-company demands and allowed Neil back in the fold. The result was this spotty comeback album.

Penthouse Pick:
"Generation Swine"

FullFrontal SOUNDS

REVIEWS // BY ANDY GREENWALD



DR. DOG
Fate
(Park the Van)
★★★★

Sound Check: Over four albums in seven years, Philadelphia's Dr. Dog has triumphed over one of the worst band names in history and managed to attract a sizable following for their amiably eclectic jam-band, um, jams.

Amplification: From the sun-kissed harmonies of "The Breeze" to the soulful seventies stomp "Hang On" and the mellow AM gold of "From," *Fate* instructs like a master class in tasteful classic-rock revisionism.

Last Note: With its immaculate production and gently familiar genre-skipping, *Fate* is the finest Wilco album you'll hear this year ... provided Wilco doesn't make an album.

Penthouse Pick: "Uncovering the Old"



OPIATE FOR THE MASSES
Manifesto
(Century Media)
★★★

Sound Check: They're easily the best Karl Marx-quoting post-hardcore act Arizona has produced. On their fifth album, they reveal themselves to be

able chameleons, adding quieter moments to their aggro assault.

Amplification: The opener, "21st Century Time Bomb," will please metal purists; we credit producers Ulrich Wild (Slipknot) and John Travis (Buckcherry) with

locating the sleazy snarl on "Dead Underground." **Last Note:** Name another band that could attempt a heavy-rock cover of Portishead's bleak "Wandering Star" and emerge unscathed. We dare you.

Penthouse Pick: "The Habit"





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RANDY TRAVIS
Around the Bend
(Warner Nashville)
★★★★

Sound Check: After two decades of practically annual releases, the Nashville troubadour's 17th effort is his first in three years and a long-overdue return to form after too many gospel years.

Amplification: From the lilting "Love Is a Gamble" to the easygoing Dylan cover "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," this is equal parts classic and classy.

Last Note: "Every Head Bowed" tackles the pressing problem of post-church overcrowding at KFC. We salute you, Randy, for never shying away from the tough issues facing us—like biscuits and gravy!

Penthouse Pick: "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right"



STREET DOGS



STREET DOGS
State of Grace
(Hellcat)
★★★

Sound Check: Street Dogs frontman Mike McColgan—a veteran of the first Gulf War, a firefighter, and the former lead singer of Celtic punk act Dropkick Murphys—doesn't sit still for very long. So we're not surprised this is the fourth Street Dogs album in five years.

Amplification: *State of Grace* is predictable in a delightful way: 11 songs of punchy, Guinness-fueled adrenaline perfect for boozing and bruising a night away.

Last Note: In a time when *punk* is a style of mall-bought nail polish, it's nice to be reminded of the music's original purpose: strident protest songs sung by—and for—a tightly knit community.

Penthouse Pick: "The General's Boombox"



LLOYD
Lessons in Love
(Universal/Motown)
★★

Sound Check: This skinny crooner hit big with last year's Spandau Ballet-sampling "You." Success suits him: He's back with bigger guest stars (Ludacris, Lil Wayne) and classier euphemisms for boning ("Have My Baby").

Amplification: The 22-year-old's voice is paper-thin, but his producers (including superstar Polow Da Don)

know how to wrap it in featherlight ballads that harken back to the golden age of soul and turn a weakness into a smooth strength.

Last Note: Lloyd seems desperate to play with—and act like—the big boys. But this understated set seems unlikely to age his fanbase beyond screaming tweens, even if it does give you some new ways to describe the horizontal mambo.

Penthouse Pick: "Girls Around the World"

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PENTHOUSE
Customs 

Jungle Fever

Hot-wired character actor Justin Theroux tries his hand at screenwriting; the result is a freewheeling farce about the making of a war film. (And Tom Cruise kills, in a good way!)

Robert Downey Jr. as a black guy. Steve Coogan as a blustery, mercurial director. Tom Cruise as ... well, let's just say he steals the show. *Tropic Thunder*, this summer's satiric, star-stuffed prickly comedy, follows five actors tromping through war-ravaged Vietnam jungles without the usual conveniences—trailers, assistants, drugs—all in the name of art. Or at least the next paycheck. The film marks the screenwriting debut of Justin Theroux—novelist and travel writer Paul's nephew—who cowrote the script with Ben Stiller and Etan Cohen. You might know Theroux best as Brenda's submissive fuck buddy on *Six Feet Under*, but he has had a varied and vivid career, playing John Hancock in the HBO miniseries *John Adams*, a wild Irishman in *Charlie's Angels 2: Full Throttle*, and Evil DJ in *Zoolander*. As big-time fans of that male-modeling joke-fest, we were curious to check out Theroux's best Blue Steel.

Is it true that the concept for *Tropic Thunder* was inspired by *Platoon*?

We watched a lot of the [DVD] extras for every war movie. If you're looking at it somewhat cynically, you can have a really good belly laugh, especially when they're talking about prepping to make the movie. Because oftentimes they'll make the analogy that shooting a movie is like war. [Putting on a faux-gravitas voice] "The director is the sergeant and we're the actors, the grunts." And they'll talk about it like they actually fought a war, forgetting the fact that there's no craft service in Baghdad.



The movie was filmed in Hawaii. Were you on the same island as the *Lost* crew?

No, we were on a different lost island. We were on Kauai, which is the most beautiful island in the world, and then we went to the most bloody parts of the island. *It was not unlike a war—we were the soldiers and Ben was our sergeant.* It actually was really tough. It wasn't shoveling coal and it was not war, but it was really difficult. Because it was hot. And they only had two kinds of water [laughs]. But it was an amazing, colossal experience.

"We sent Tom Cruise pages of the script and he said, 'You can go crazier than that!'"

Tom Cruise is excellent in the film. Who approached him to do the part?

Ben and Tom are friends, so that was all Ben's domain. Tom could not have been better. He's a jackhammer, man. He just killed it. We were shocked and excited at how down for the play he was. Ben and him had been talking about ways he could participate, and he was like, "That's the one." We would submit him pages, and he'd be like, "Go for it. You can go crazier than that!"

Have you ever wanted to break out of the character-actor mold to be the leading man?

The funniest stuff is character stuff. I've also never thought I was



charismatic enough to be the leading man. It's more fun to wear a bad pair of shoes and do some sort of stupid accent.

You've had interesting roles in a few of David Lynch's films. Do you have a favorite of his?

Blue Velvet, I think, but that was my first Lynch experience. The poster was of Kyle MacLachlan and Isabella Rossellini, and I remember thinking, *This will be like Dirty Dancing*. And I went in there and my brains were splattered on the back of the theater. I remember walking home and being like, *What the fuck?* It was the first time I realized there's a whole world out there and I don't know shit.

Your uncle, Paul Theroux, wrote *The Mosquito Coast*, which was adapted into a film. Did that spark your interest in acting?

That was not anywhere near my scope of vision when it happened. I was like 14 or something. I went to a very good liberal-arts boarding school and we would do little interesting plays and I always loved it ... but I remember as a kid only ever expressing interest in his writing once, and it was when I heard he'd had a thing in *Penthouse*. I was like, "Dad, where's that article that Uncle Paul wrote in that magazine?" I remember the pictures from that issue, but I don't know what the fucking story was. No clue [*laughs*]. [*Editor's note: We published a short story by Paul Theroux, "The Tiger's Suit," in November 1976.*]

So which acting gig gets you more tail: a cool indie film or *Charlie's Angels 2*?

Oh, god! If you're looking for 13-year-old tail, *Charlie's Angels* is the way to go [*laughs*]. But I'm not looking for that market, so I don't know. There comes a certain point where you realize, you just have to be in something. You could be on a Nickelodeon show and get tail, but it's been a long time since I've had tail other than my girlfriend's. One of my friends has a theory that if you can do a sex scene with a really hot girl in a movie, you will actually score more tail as result.

Hollywood, here we come!

Five for Fighting

Fall in, maggots! With this month's action-comedy *Tropic Thunder* reintroducing audiences to the joys of the ass-kicking "band of brothers" genre, it's time for basic training on these war-film essentials.

By Joshua Rothkopf



KELLY'S HEROES (1970)

Clint Eastwood was already the huge international star of spaghetti Westerns like *The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly* when Hollywood harnessed his powerful squint in 1970—swapping the cowboy hat for a helmet. His rogue soldier leads Don Rickles, Telly Savalas, and plenty of burly others into enemy territory in search of Nazi gold. If it sounds like *Three Kings*, it is, but better.



THE DIRTY DOZEN (1967)

Whatever you do, don't admit in the company of men that you haven't seen this Lee Marvin bruiser. Just fake it and secretly click over to Netflix. Marvin plays a World War II major who trains 12 murderers for a suicide mission. Are Charles Bronson and Ernest Borgnine not enough for you? How about NFL legend Jim Brown? How about shutting up and watching the damn thing, private?



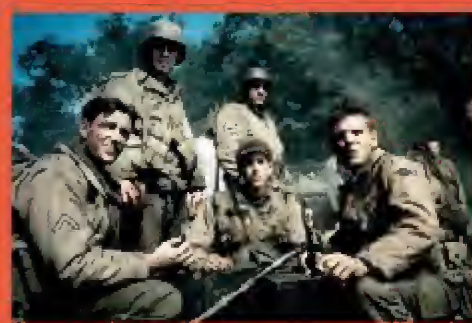
THE GREAT ESCAPE (1963)

If you've whistled along with *The Breakfast Club*'s detentioners, you already know the theme music to this classic. Steve McQueen, James Coburn, and a zillion stars plot a daring getaway from a German POW camp. Is their escape great? Yes, it is. Great, glorious, and any word you'd use to describe your mother. And you *will* respect her. (No idea what we're talking about? See the flick.)



M*A*S*H (1970)

We don't want to hear any whining about the TV show. You liked it, you didn't like it—whatever. Robert Altman's movie is a completely different animal. The jokes and camaraderie of this Korean War medical unit, dominated by Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, are extremely dark and savage. It ends with a big football game. If that isn't your idea of awesome, drop and give us 20. No, 50.



SAVING PRIVATE RYAN (1998)

Steven Spielberg re-creates D-Day with such realism that it's easy to forget his 1998 bullet-blazing sizzler is actually a band-of-brothers classic. Tom Hanks, Tom Sizemore, Barry Pepper, and Vin Diesel fill out the squad with serious battleground skills and tortured reflection. War is hell? Decidedly. War films? Hardly. Watch a few and enjoy. At ease.

PREVIEW

HAMLET 2

Steve Coogan, David Arquette, Catherine Keener

Ah, the summer sequel—is there a finer box of wine on the store shelf? Actually, a sequel to *Hamlet* does sound more interesting than returning to the Bard's tragedy proper. *Hamlet 2* is a comedy starring British laugh-master Coogan, still seeking the U.S. success he deserves. This could be his moment. He plays the disheveled Dana Marschz, a failed actor-turned-high school teacher. When faced with downsizing, he goes nuclear and writes the most offensive musical he can, an abomination of Shakespeare's majestic drama—which, naturally, is his first assignment to pique the students' interest. We're guessing you won't need a lit degree to find this film a riot. Something's rockin' in the state of Denmark. —J.R.





THE ROCKER

Rainn Wilson, Emma Stone, Christina Applegate

We've been waiting for *The Office*'s weaselly Wilson to blow up, although it seems the Hollywood comedy machine doesn't quite know what to do with him. His new *School of Rock*-style endeavor is a case in point. Wilson plays the Fish, a bloated ex-skinsman for pop-metal act Vesuvius, which hit the big time—Hall of Fame big—as soon as they dumped him like a leaden Zeppelin. Twenty years later, the Fish is still licking his wounds and living in his sister's attic when he hears strains of garage rock and heads downstairs to interrupt his teenage nephew's combo. What ensues is one of those boy-man fantasies, but never quite as manic as Jack Black's, nor as redemptive or innocent. And when his new band actually makes it (kids and all), you wonder what planet the film is set on. Still, *Saturday Night Live*'s Jason Sudeikis creates a rock manager who's so hilariously phony, you'll forgive the film its many false notes.



PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

Seth Rogen, James Franco, Bill Hader, Amber Heard

We salute the return of the heroic stoner, blazing his trail through the *Harold & Kumar* movies—or her trail, courtesy of Anna Faris in *Smiley Face*. So the prospect of comedy-king Judd Apatow committing his producing talents to this most misunderstood of genres makes us giddier than Cheech and Chong at 4:19. Playing buyer and dealer, respectively, are *Knocked Up*'s Rogen and a movie-stealing Franco. After accidentally being implicated in a mob murder, they hit the road, their paranoia all too real. The fun of *Pineapple Express* is its willingness to deliver as both a fully baked potboiler (sorry) and a *Die Hard*-style actioner.

MAN ON WIRE

Philippe Petit is a tight-rope walker. His lifetime of dangerous stuntwork makes this riveting material to begin with. But the Frenchman's craziest accomplishment, a performance art crime of the highest order, turns *Man on Wire* into a strange, stirring experience unlike any documentary you'll see this year. In the early hours of August 7, 1974, Petit—with the assistance of a small crew—illegally stretched a cable between New York City's then-new Twin Towers and danced gracefully for nearly an hour before being apprehended. James Marsh's breathtaking documentary sets the stage like a gripping 1970s heist film, employing dramatic re-creations and new interviews to build to a moment of pure, surreal sensation. To the film's enormous credit, the sad coda to this stunt, 27 years later, is never mentioned. But watching Petit tear up at the memory of his act is to witness a subtle acknowledgment, and the vanishing of a beautiful dream.

TRAITOR

Don Cheadle, Guy Pearce, Jeff Daniels

A taut spy thriller, unpretentiously made and acted, is a beautiful thing in a summer of big-budget blahs. *Traitor* looks to be that film, even though it's not what you expect to come under the credit "From an idea by Steve Martin." (Yes, that Steve Martin.) Does it feature any banjo playing? Not really. But it's as deceptive and furiously intelligent as its title suggests. The less said about the plot the better, as two U.S. officers—a deep-undercover ex-Army rogue (Cheadle) and an FBI spook (Pearce)—battle wits in the face of a mysterious, ever-evolving Muslim target. Courageously, the movie paints a multifaceted portrait of the post-9/11 terrorscape, colored with shades of righteousness, reason, and all tones in between. Delving sensitively into the whys behind despicable acts isn't exactly popular, but it's crucial to our survival—and if *Traitor* doesn't signal the first glimmer of awards season, we'll have to blame it on the work of dark forces.



Rainn Wilson plays the Fish, a bloated ex-skinsman for pop-metal act Vesuvius.



Space Invaders

Spaced may not beat *Monty Python's Flying Circus* for funniest British TV series ever, but it kicks *Benny Hill's* ass.

SPACED

The Complete Series

The Plot: A group of twentysomethings rents a house; that special kind of wackiness you've come to expect from the team behind *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz* ensues. This show launched the careers of director Edgar Wright and creator/writer/star Simon Pegg, and their unique blend of off-kilter comedy and cultural commentary is already in evidence.

Buy or Rent? Buy. It's 14 episodes of one of the funniest shows ever, and it's good to have on your shelf if you date

girls who think they're too smart for Adam Sandler and Mike Myers.

Added Value? Yes, particularly if you're into keeping up your hipster cred. Commentary by Wright, Pegg, and cocreator/writer/star Jessica Stevenson is enhanced by fans Quentin Tarantino, Kevin Smith, Bill Hader, Matt Stone, Diablo Cody, and Patton Oswalt. There's also a feature-length documentary called "Skip to the End" and an on-screen guide to the many pop-culture references.



ROBOT CHICKEN: STAR WARS

The Plot: The wild-and-crazy *RC* team takes on the sci-fi epic, with assists from Mark Hamill, George Lucas, and Conan O'Brien.

Buy or Rent? Buy. *Star Wars* has been parodied before, of course, perhaps most notably by *Family Guy* last year and frequently with the support of the creative team behind it. This satire is twisted in typically hilarious *RC* fashion.

Added Value? A collection of promos and behind-the-scenes bits, including the George Lucas promo in which he regretted permitting the production of the *Star Wars Holiday Special* and had an "Oops, I did it again" moment about *RC*.



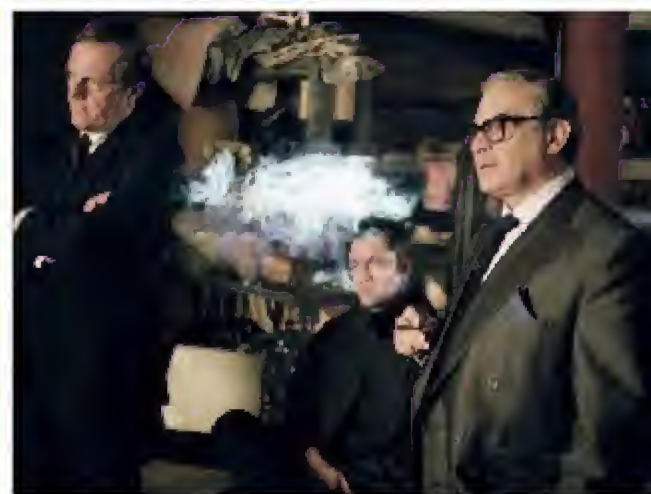
BEST OF MANSWERS

Season One's Top 25 Manswers

The Plot: We don't want to meet the guy who doesn't want to know the truth about how many girls are bisexual. In this Spike TV series, contestants tackle tasteless questions about sex, how long man can survive on beer alone, and which human organ provides a cannibal with the best nutrition. You know—essential info!

Buy or Rent? Rent. Once we get the answer to "What kind of girls are best in bed?" we'll be too busy looking for hookups to watch this again.

Added Value? Nope.



THE BANK JOB

The Plot: Jason Statham's small-time crook comes up against a big-time robbery that can't miss. Famous last words or what?

Buy or Rent? Rent. It's a pleasant enough way to spend a couple of hours, especially if you're into caper flicks or based-on-true-crime stories, but check it out before you buy.

Added Value? The two-disc sets have featurettes on the film and the real robbery that inspired it, and a digital copy of the movie.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (27) PETER IOVINO/COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC./L.A. 880 JAMES STILES/CORBIS



**HAROLD & KUMAR
ESCAPE FROM
GUANTÁNAMO BAY**

The Plot: Our favorite stoners get waylaid by antiterrorism cops on their way to smoking it up in Amsterdam.

Buy or Rent? Buy, of course. The whole point of these dudes is to watch them repeatedly with your buddies. Also, see below.

Added Value? There's a branching bonus feature that allows you to choose which way the plot goes at various points. 'Cause the best way to watch a stoner flick is by changing it up each time around.



**L.A. INK
Season One**

The Plot: Kat Von D left the comfort of Miami (*Ink*) and headed back to Cali. Other than that, you know the drill: Various folks get, well, inked and the tattoo artists live large, in their own way.

Buy or Rent? Rent, unless you're really into Kat (and we know you crazed fans are out there).
Added Value? Kat tattoo stencils—another draw for superfans.

**HIGH-DEF REISSUE OF THE MONTH
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**

This seventies classic from director Milos Forman, based on Ken Kesey's book, inspired spirited debate about the treatment of the mentally ill; created an indelible picture of a new kind of villain; featured amazing performances from Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and company—including a truly impressive debut from Danny DeVito—and, oh yeah, swept the Oscars. If you don't already own it, pick up this Blu-ray version, which boasts a number of bonus features and comes with a 36-page book.



21

The Plot: A group of card-counting students/hustlers from MIT heads out to Las Vegas and takes the casinos for a few million bucks.
Buy or Rent? Rent. This is another enjoyable waste of time, and it's well acted and

well written, but you don't need to play for keeps.
Added Value? Commentary and three featurettes. The two-disc version includes a digital copy; the Blu-ray edition has a blackjack game.

GAME OF THE MONTH



Soulcalibur IV

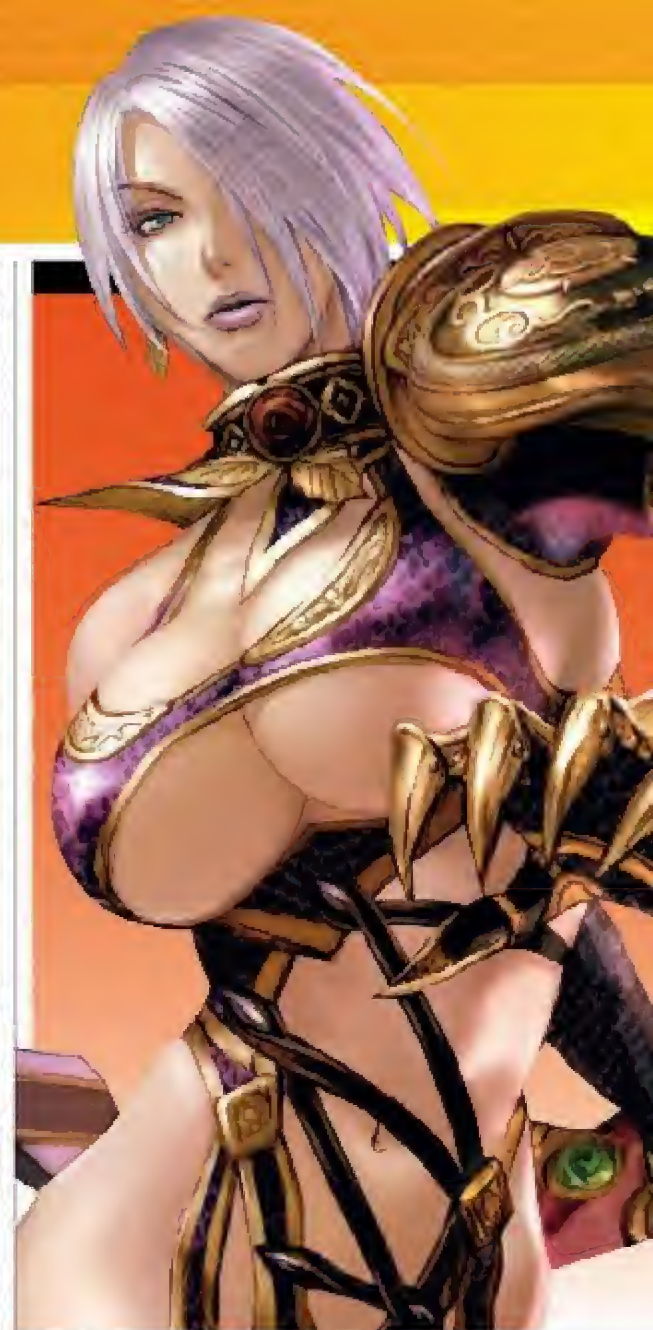
(Namco Bandai) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★★★★

Ever wanted to crush the hulking beast that is Nightmare while playing a puny but pugnacious Yoda? Or show off Darth Vader's lightsaber skills to the lovely ninja Taki? Of course you have. Now you can—well, at least you can do one or the other, depending on which next-gen system you own. (Yoda is on the Xbox 360; Lord Vader is on the PS3.) In addition to the iconic *Star Wars* characters, other fighters have been added, including Hilde, an armored warrior with a sword and spear. As far as the new game modes go, it's super fun to battle with your customized characters online, or do a dungeon crawl through the Tower of Lost Souls, where you test your character's mettle and your button-mashing skills to see just how many monsters you can take down. We're also pleased by the return of the character customization we enjoyed in *Soulcalibur III*, which allows us to create bikini-clad versions of the game's pixelated females, including

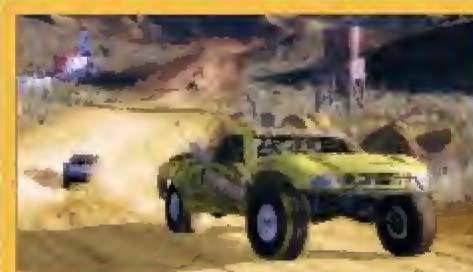


the mega-busty Ivy (see sidebar). The customizations will have an impact on the way the characters fight, but as long as you're skilled in offensive maneuvers (the new Soul Gauge prevents you from continually blocking, thus boosting the intensity of the matches), you should be able to handle the lack of armor.

You can create bikini-clad versions of the pixelated females, including the mega-busty Ivy.



PREVIEW



BAJA
(THQ) Xbox 360, PS3
★★★

While street- and track-racing games have been significantly tweaked in recent years, rally-racing titles have, for the most part, been left in the proverbial dust. Here, you race to the finish line through more than 100 miles of dusty Mexican desert, trying to avoid decimating your car in the process.

Rocks: You can mod the hell out of your off-road racer, whether it's a dune buggy or a pricey 4-by-4, with more than 200 parts; the graphics aren't amazing, but we enjoyed bouncing along the uneven courses.

Flops: The action isn't exactly mind-blowing, but it is, finally, a decent rally game for a non-PS3 system.

Their Cups Runneth Over

Videogame graphics have clearly come a long way since their eight-bit days. To celebrate, we present the five bustiest females in games. You're welcome.



ISABELLA "IVY" VALENTINE SOULCALIBUR

CV: This adopted daughter of English nobles possesses a sword that morphs into a whip. And while the other ladies of SC aren't lacking in the upstairs department, Ivy is the one to watch. Estimated cup size: E Jiggle factor: High. Since Ivy's introduction in the first SC, her breasts have substantially increased in size and their movement has become even more tantalizing.

RACHEL NINJA GAIDEN

CV: The blonde beauty is extremely powerful, well-armed, and expertly displays heaving cleavage while she hunts down her evil sister. Estimated cup size: D Jiggle factor: Medium-high. During customization, her breasts undulate independently, but the quick-paced brawls make it tough to suss out the slopes.

KASUMI DEAD OR ALIVE

CV: This runaway ninja bent on avenging her brother's death inspired a mouse pad commemorating her curves. Estimated cup size: D Jiggle factor: Extreme. In DoA: Xtremê2, her two-fers threaten to spill right out of a barely there bikini, especially when she's pole dancing.

NOBLEROSE HUMBLE ROSES

CV: When this vixen transforms into her bondage-friendly alter ego Evil Rose, she gains a cup size or two. There's so much to love about her. Estimated cup size: C/D Jiggle factor: Moderate. When she's trapped in certain grappling moves they barely budge, but when she's trying on different costumes, they become slo-mo masterpieces.

CHRISTIE MONTEIRO TEKKEN 4

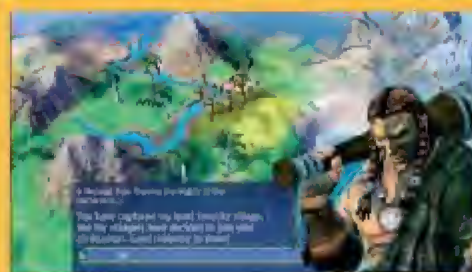
CV: Her grandfather taught her the art of capoeira. We don't need to be taught the art of admiring her bikini-busting excellence. Estimated cup size: C Jiggle factor: Low. While her perfectly rounded breasts look great in every outfit, the lack of motion prompts unhappy thoughts of implants. We're all for big, but we also love the bounce.

REVIEWS



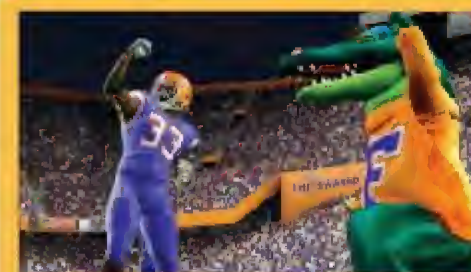
DON KING: PRIZEFIGHTER (2K Sports) Xbox 360, Wii, DS

★★★ Don King is boxing's best hype man. In this game, which features plenty of dramatic twists, if you fight well enough, he'll become your promoter. Rocks: You can pause the game during cut scenes, the better to take in 2007 Penthouse Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven (left); the Wii version works with the balance board, so you can get a workout as you bob, weave, and punch out your opponent. Flops: You can duke it out in the ring with 40 well-known real and fictitious boxers, including Joe Louis and Rocky, but there's no sign of Muhammad Ali or Mike Tyson.



SID MEIER'S CIVILIZATION REVOLUTION (2K) Xbox 360, PS 3, DS

★★★★ Back in the day, Sid Meier's Civilization titles had plenty of intense simulation, so much so that players found themselves short on free time. Eventually Meier realized that while fans wanted to create powerful empires through trade, war, and being the first to send someone to the moon, they also wanted to have a life. Rocks: You have many of the PC options without the time suck; the graphics are brighter and more visually pleasing than most strategy games. Flops: Though it offers depth, it's probably not enough for seasoned strategy gamers. And you still can't seduce Cleopatra.



NCAA FOOTBALL 09 (EA) Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PSP

★★★★ Fall Saturdays are sacred. But college games happen only once a week, so it's important to have something on hand to do between kickoffs. Okay, something else on hand. Rocks: The new breakaway mechanic makes player movements more fluid, so when you need to move out of a giant linebacker's way like, right now, you can; an online dynasty mode lets you compete against up to 12 other people for the championship. Flops: The new "Ice the Kicker" function allows you to call time-out just before a crucial field-goal attempt—and completely piss off your friends.

The White Stuff

American politics may be moving toward a post-racial future, but Christian Lander knows that we've still got a long way to go. That's what makes him so funny.

Christian Lander's blog *Stuff White People Like*, which started in January 2008, was an instant success. Within six weeks, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, he was averaging 300,000 daily hits. Not surprisingly, book publishers took an interest—and Random House Trade Paperbacks has, in what must be record time for a humor book, shipped Lander's *Stuff White People Like: A Definitive Guide to the Unique Taste of Millions* to bookstores. His site—which includes such Caucasian chestnuts as standing still at concerts, yoga, organic food, hating corporations, *Juno*, modern furniture, apologies, irony, Barack Obama (with his head Photoshopped into the cast of *Friends*), and microbreweries—has taken precedence for Lander over his quickly abandoned copywriting gig. The 29-year-old Canadian, who now lives in L.A., most definitely considers himself a "white person," and has used his own life to inspire his work.

How did the site get started?

My friend Myles and I were having an IM conversation about *The Wire* and he said, "All white people should be required to watch *The Wire* by law," and I said, "Don't worry, they all do." Other things I thought of included getting divorced, going to therapy, going to plays. It was funny and I said, "That's it, I'm starting a blog."

You've said that you like to poke fun at yourself on the blog. Does the content reflect your passions?

I don't like outdoor performance gear, like Patagonia, and I don't like bumper stickers, and I think that's it.

Can you narrow down the kinds of white people you're talking about? It seems to me that you're mainly aiming at hipsters.

It's a combination. There are some hipsters, but it's not just for twentysomethings in Williamsburg [Brooklyn]. College towns are filled with these types of people. They want to live in New York or San Francisco, they complain about their lives. It's college towns, big cities, the left leaning—they're absolutely convinced that they're right about everything they do. I see the blog as part of the culture war in the U.S. A lot of left-wing people define "white people" as being white people who voted for George Bush and drive Hummers and live in unsustainable suburbs and McMansions. The ones I'm parodying are more of a class. It's about that liberal upper-middle class, and I think it's funny to call them white people because they spend a lot of time trying to get away from that. Like, I'm white but I speak Japanese and studied abroad in Spain and can order in Mandarin at a Chinese

"For sex, white people have oils and candles. Tantric is on their to-do list for the next 20 years."

restaurant. It's an effort to get away from being white, but they're still white.

What kind of sex do white people have?

They have books and oils and candles. Tantric would probably be on their to-do list for the next 20 years of their lives. They're after organic sex, to reduce carbon emissions through sex.

What do they think about porn?

They dislike it strongly unless it comes from Europe. All American nudity is exploitative, but European nudity is artistic.

The site seems to focus more on men than women.

The only reason for that is that I'm male, and the best comedy comes from using what I know best. But I do want to put that store Anthropologie on the list.

I bet alternative weddings are a target.

Definitely. You have to read an obscure Arab poet who taught at Columbia.

There are only a few individual people on your list, like Sarah Silverman and Che Guevara. Who else is someone white folks like? Barack Obama's mom should be on there. It's like the ultimate white person experience: taking 12 years to get a Ph.D. and traveling to a lot of film festivals in the sixties. **OH**

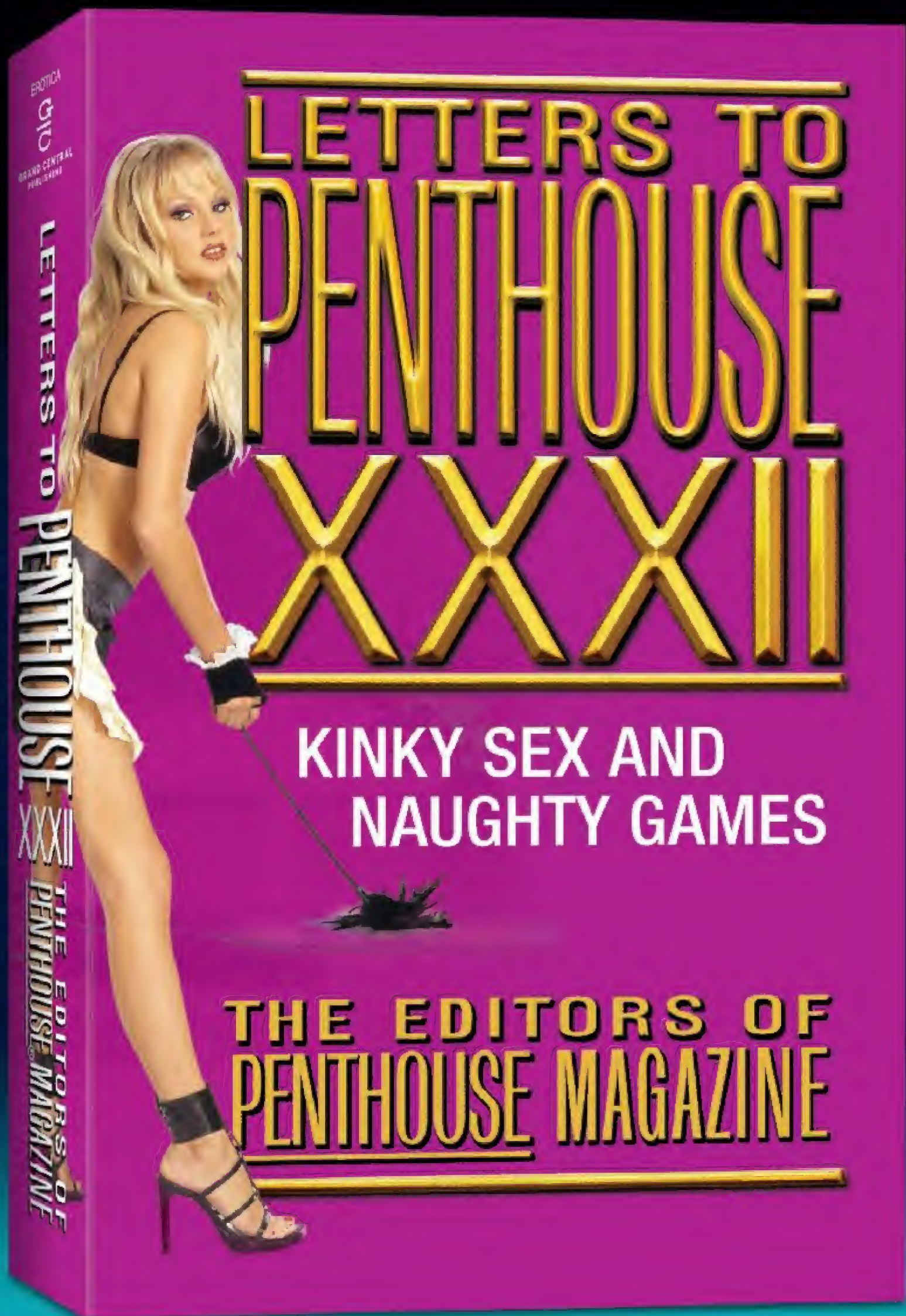


REVIEW

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

By Michael Hogan
St. Martin's Minotaur

The death of a wealthy old woman ignites the kind of feeding frenzy among her relatives and potential heirs that is a staple of page-turning mystery stories. But what distinguishes Hogan's novel is not as much what is happening (although you're guaranteed to be hooked on the story), as why. Compelling characters and a deep insight into human nature make *Burial of the Dead* much more than a mystery story, and Hogan's lush, beautiful prose will haunt you long after the plot has unfolded. —Peter Bloch



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Fortune Nookie

Chinese proverb say man who waits for roast duck to fly into mouth waits long time. The Chinese believe in making your own luck, and Macau is a towering shrine to that philosophy. Duck isn't the only flesh on the menu.

By Tom Guise



Macau is a crude mess of crumbling Portuguese architecture and cramped apartments that transforms at dusk into a neon circus that's seemingly entirely casinos, and the only place in China where you can legally gamble. For 400 years it existed under Portuguese rule, returning to Chinese sovereignty in 1999, when it was granted 50 years to manage its own affairs. Apparently, that includes a lot of baccarat.

Considering that the main peninsula spans a mere five square miles, 20-odd casinos might seem excessive, but the Chinese love to gamble. At least 12 more casinos are under construction; by 2010 the Las Vegas-inspired Cotai Strip will house a Four Seasons, Hilton, Conrad, and Raffles, in addition to the recently opened Venetian Macao—the word's second-

largest building—and the MGM Grand. Macau's gambling dens were little more than smoke-filled shit holes 35 years ago; entrepreneur Stanley Ho single-handedly transformed the landscape. Today, the octogenarian's 17 casinos account for more than a third of Macau's gross domestic product.

In 2004 the Sands Macau opened, with 740 tables in 229,000 square feet; the gold-plated fortress was the new world benchmark... for a year and a half. In 2006 Steve Wynn opened his \$1.2 billion ode to luxury, with an 800,000-gallon lake in its lobby.

But 95 percent of Macau's tourists are Asian, which brings us back to Ho

and perhaps his last hurrah against the West: the Grand Lisboa, a \$384 million, 58-story tower. Its greatest advantage lies in that most ancient of Chinese technologies, feng shui. The Wynn's curved face (above, at right) supposedly acted as a hand snatching the wealth from the old Lisboa. The latter's taller brother slaps the Wynn back and protects its younger sibling. How's that for martial arts?

But these glittering towers have been dropped into a poor working-class province over a very short period of time, and the contrast between old and new falls somewhere between disturbing and fascinating. Of course, the casinos are bringing wealth to the city that the Chinese (literally a walk away) over the border can't imagine. Just remember to use the same street smarts you would in any other city.

Handy Phrases

■ Can I have a Heineken please?
Mm goi, heylek bear zhou?

■ Duck and rice, please, and some soup-filled dumplings.
Mm goi, yat teep Siu Ngap fan, yat loong Siu Long Pau.

■ Do that thing where you suck my balls with the ice cubes again.
Doryat chee Bing For.



EAT RIGHT

Macanese cuisine is a fusion of Portuguese and Chinese, such as *bacalhau* (salt-cured cod) and *galinha à Portuguesa* (baked chicken, potato, and rice in a mild coconut curry sauce). For some of the best authentic fare, try O'Manuel in Taipa village, Alorcha on the peninsula, and Fernando in Coloane, which has an outdoor bar that's perfect for tropical nights.

If you're hesitant to try traditional Asian food, the Copa Steak House at the Sands serves thick, tasty cuts, as does Morton's at the Venetian. For Italian, there's Don Alfonso at the Grand Lisboa or Mezzaluna at the Mandarin Hotel. If you're up big one night, Robuchon at the Lisboa and Aurora at the Crown serve up expensive but exquisite French fare.

But for a mind-blowing dining experience, walk over the border into Zhuhai (pick up an entry visa at the border). Head to the Wan Chai district, a street market dedicated to live seafood, with everything from giant abalone and thrashing lobsters to unrecognizable creatures that would look at home in the *Star Wars* cantina. The curbside restaurants will transform your purchase into the most incredible dish you've ever had. One hot tip: Unless you speak fluent Cantonese, choose a restaurant first. They'll send a hostess to barter with the vendors for you.

GAME THEORY

The Chinese may be suckers for luck, but they know when they're being conned, and Asian slot machines have long had a reputation for low payouts. Instead, Macau has an abundance of baccarat and blackjack. It's an eye-opener how much disposable income the Chinese have; the cheapest stake at the blackjack tables is HK \$200 (US \$25). Roulette is surprisingly thin on the ground, and if it's poker you're after, the only game in town is Poker Pro, an admittedly impressive ten-seat simulation of Texas hold'em. The average Chinese gambler is relatively naive about the game, so a reasonable player could have a very lucrative trip. Of course, that's what poker heavyweights John Juanda, Scotty Nguyen, and Joe Hachem thought when they

went to Macau's first tournament, the Asian Poker Open, last November, only to be thrashed by Dinh Le, who took the pot with pocket eights—the luckiest number for the Chinese.

One option for live poker is the VIP suites, the bread and butter of the city's casinos. These rooms are the realm of unregulated junket operators who bring in high rollers, and they're not limited by the red tape that hampers U.S. operators. Their profits can be pretty hefty, with baccarat bets ranging from HK \$1,000 (US \$125) to HK \$1.5 million (almost US \$200,000), but it's not without risk. They take their games seriously.



Gamble, get incredible food from curbside vendors, or check out the grand prix ... but don't miss the girl-filled saunas.



THRILL SEEKING

The wide avenues and winding lanes provide perfect terrain for Macau's biggest annual event: the Formula 3 Grand Prix, held every November. The street circuit is second only to Monaco's, and the fast straights (where cars hit speeds in excess of 160 miles per hour) and tight bends often result in spectacular crashes. You can cruise along the track by night against the vista of casino lights—it's like a scene out of *Speed Racer*.

Macau also hosts a golf tournament every May, as well as the Feast of the Drunken Dragon, a public holiday in which men are encouraged to parade through the streets intoxicated.

If you want to get out of the city, Coloane features what little remains of Macau's untapped wilderness. It also boasts Black Sand, Macau's disappointing single beach, where the charcoal shore has been "refilled" with ugly yellow sand. But the rickety food stalls, sizzling with satay and fiery squid skewers, are worth the visit.

For an education on Macau's old way of life, drive to the Coloane shipping wharf on Rue De Navegante. These once-grand boat sheds are a spectacle of timber ruins, although some are still operational. In the neighboring tin houses, locals live a near-Paleolithic existence, cooking in cauldrons in homes without electricity—all within view of the Venetian.



DRUNKEN MASTER

Most tourists end up drinking at the waterfront pubs along the Avenida Sun Yat Sen, beneath the watchful eye of the 65-foot-tall bronze goddess Kun Iam. The Sky21 bar, on the roof of the AIA Building, is a must for excellent cocktails, a glam crowd, and spectacular views. Or try the fashionable D2 nightclub on the second floor.

For the ultimate Macanese nightclub experience, go to DD3 on Fisherman's Wharf; 80 percent of the nubile girls are off-duty prostitutes. That's not to say they won't put out for free—the Mongolian chicks are easier work than the Russians.

STEAMING UP

The casinos have not swept aside the sex industry, better known as saunas. These spas are luxurious clubs with modern showers, pools, steam rooms, and lounge recliners. For an entry fee of around HK \$300 (about US \$40), you'll be waited on hand and foot, with food (noodles, dumplings, fruit) and drink (tea or juice, no booze) included. Late-night-into-early-morning gamblers find these a better value than a hotel for a wash and sleep.

If you opt for a Shanghai massage the entry fee is waived, so for an extra five bucks, you can get a complete massage, including a happy ending.

For the full experience, engage the services of a girl for an hour, which usually runs HK \$1,000–\$1,300 (US \$125–\$165). Be prepared for nipple sucking, body-to-body massaging, and alternating mouthfuls of ice cubes and hot water during your B.J.

Check out the Darling in Jai Alai Casino, Eighteen at the Golden Dragon Hotel, and the Rio at the Rio Hotel. Some others, including the Sanado on Rua de Pequim and Golden Sauna, throw in "oral introductions." (Yes, that's a sample suck from each available girl.) The East Spa at the Waldo Hotel features incredible private-party rooms starting at HK \$400 (US \$50) per hour (before the girls' fee), and it's the only sauna that serves complimentary booze. ☞



Gateway M Series
\$900 and up

Okay, so this line of ultra-thin notebooks lacks that hipper-than-thou MacBook Air sex appeal, but they're fast and fully functional, and you can buy two and still have enough money for a cab ride home. Aside from the usual features, there's a Webcam and HDMI capabilities, so they work with the Philips Eco TV. They're a steal at this price. (Gateway.com)



Gear Up

It's not easy keeping up with what's new in tech gear, but these timeless items will get you noticed in all the right ways *and* leave a little cash in your wallet.

By Paul Stone



Polaroid Digital Printer
\$149

It was a sad day when we heard that Polaroid would no longer make those squares of instant gratification that seemed tailor-made for sexually explicit photos. But the company's sleek new printer wirelessly hooks up to almost every phone, it seems, but the iPhone to create borderless photos (almost silently) in ... that same familiar 60 seconds. Welcome to the twenty-first century, guys. (Polaroid.com)

Nokia 7500 Prism
\$240

Design is pretty much everything when it comes to cellphones these days, since they all seem to do everything. You can't say this one isn't the shit. It'll make you look like the kind of guy who was always picked first (okay, maybe second) in gym class. It boasts a super-bright display, a two-megapixel camera, and e-mail, video, and music capabilities. (Nokia.com)



Skullcandy "Double Agent" Headphones
\$100

It's impossible to not look hot with these. The genius drag-and-drop SD card system allows you to take music from your computer straight to the headphones, bypassing the need for an MP3 player. The 40-mm speaker driver sounds amazing and will drown out that annoying chick from accounting in the next cubicle. (Skullcandy.com)



Bosch Tassimo System
\$100 and up

Coffee rules, but the detritus left behind when brewing your own sucks. Get rid of the mess with this stylish, high-tech beverage maker and its disc cartridges. You can make coffee (even Starbucks), espresso, lattes, cappuccinos, tea, and hot chocolate. The cartridges don't come cheap, but the drinks are so good you'll be ready to charge \$4 a pop. Well, maybe leave that to the professionals. (TassimoDirect.com)

This green TV won't break the bank, but it may make your other home-entertainment components green with envy.

Philips Eco TV
\$1,400

This 42-inch TV proves style, design, and technology need not kill Mother Earth. The fanciest power-saving feature is a sensor that measures ambient light and adjusts the screen's backlight for power efficiency. Like we promised, this green TV won't break the bank, but it may make your other home-entertainment components green with envy. (Philips.com)





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Facial Wear

Nothing says "I am a man" like a beard, mustache, or even a chin curtain, but each style of facial hair says something different about you. Make sure you're sending the right message.

By Jonathan Ages

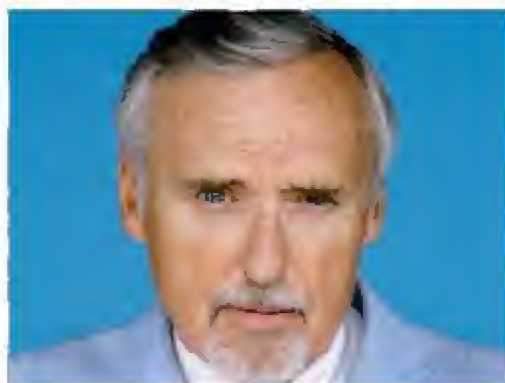


BEARD AND FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW

The beard and permanent five o'clock shadow show that you have more important things to do than take a razor to your face. They're sincere rebellions against, well, shaving. But there are some ground rules. Avoid that Unabomber beard and whatever look record producer Rick Rubin is sporting (left). The [Remington Beard Groomer](#) (\$45) has a built-in adjustable comb that easily adapts to most beard lengths. Pair it with the [Gillette Fusion's](#) vibrating five-blade head to get every last one of those itchy, insurrectionist neck hairs. That way, your silent rebellion won't be interrupted by scratching.

MUSTACHE/GOATEE

Today's cool mustache harkens back to the era of the über-macho, chest-beating leading man—think *Magnum, P.I.*-era Tom Selleck. And you can embark on a Burt Reynolds-inspired white-water mancation or rock Jason Lee's throwback Earl Hickey look by keeping your 'stache screen-worthy with the **Conair Professional Trimmer** (\$20). If you're more inclined to take a style cue from Dennis Hopper, who's so perennially cool that we don't mind seeing him in investment-company commercials, add a goatee. Either way, the **Braun Pulsonic** (\$250) will give you a clean shave on the rest of your face. The vibrating technology is gimmicky, but that and the impressively flexible head really work. Now you can deliver those ironic one-liners with *real* zing.



SIDEBURNS

Sideburns fill out a narrow face and tell the world that you're not afraid to make a bold statement. Flank your face with fuzz for the weekend warrior within, and pair it with a close shave from **Philips Norelco arcitec** (\$250). The arcitec resembles—and buzzes like—a *Star Trek*-inspired Taser, but its 360-degree pivot and triple-track shaving heads deliver a closer shave than Captain Kirk has ever had. **OTW**



Prime Time Celebrity Facial Hair

Richard Roundtree

You need more than an Afro and a private dick badge to pull off a 'stache like this. To rock this look, you better be like Shaft, one bad mother—*watch yo' mouth*.



Clint Eastwood

Say what you will about *Pink Cadillac* and *The Bridges of Madison County*, but Eastwood—and his bearded, squinting Man With No Name—is the iconic outlaw.



Jack Nicholson

This isn't Jack's usual look, but damn, he looks great... and crazy. Like we needed another reminder that he's the reigning king of Hollywood cool.



Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje

When we found out *Lost*'s holy man was, in reality, a murderous thug repenting for his past, we only loved him more. Even with the lei, he's someone you don't mess with.



Sean Penn

This maverick is notorious for his fiery temper. His mustache/flavor savor combo definitely helps punctuate those forked-tongue lashings.



Frank Zappa and John Bonham

These rockers were so good, even their facial hair became famous: The Zappa is a thick mustache with a rectangular

soul patch; the Bonham is a handlebar mustache with a chin curtain and trail of hair from the chin to the lip.





Street Racer

It used to be that if you wanted to ride the most amazing race bikes on the planet, you had to get hired by a MotoGP team. Now, Ducati lets you buy one.

By Bill Heald

Sporting motorcycles have always had an intimate relationship with racing, largely because you can remove the mirrors, tape over the lights, and go club racing at a track near you. Serious sport bikes are loaded with excellent performance goodies that really do make them close relatives to the bikes the pros race, with one exception: MotoGPs. These are the most incredible (and expensive) two-wheeled rockets out there—top-speed motorcycles that bump up against 200 mph and are piloted by the best of the best in road racing.

Most of us would feel quite lucky

to get close enough to touch one of these marvels. And until Ducati did the extraordinary by building a street-legal version of the GP, the idea of actually riding one home was sheer fantasy. Coincidentally, Aussie Casey Stoner thundered to the top of the podium so often on the same

The Ducati Desmosedici RR is a MotoGP that just happens to be street-legal while producing nearly 200 horsepower.

version last year that he became the MotoGP World Champion. His machine was called the Ducati Desmosedici GP7, and the version you can put in your garage is the Desmosedici RR.

One of the impressive things about Ducati's authentic race replica is that (like the factory GP machine) it's loaded with incredible technology yet stays true to the Italian company's roots. The engine is a close copy of the Corse GP power plant and produces nearly 200 horsepower, even with the stock exhaust. This mill has four cylinders instead of Ducati's traditional two, and they are





set at a 90-degree *L* configuration, which is a Ducati trademark. An ultra-sophisticated fuel-injection system with “microjet” injectors moves gas to the cylinders, and Ducati’s desmodromic valve gear, which mechanically shuts the valves instead of relying on valve springs, ensures precise valve control even at stratospheric rpm. The crankcase and cylinder heads are cast aluminum, while the engine covers are cast magnesium. The six-speed transmission is a GP-spec cassette unit, and the clutch’s “slipper” design keeps the rear wheel from locking up during spirited downshifting.

In keeping with Ducati tradition, the Desmosedici has a tubular steel “trellis” frame called a hybrid on this model because it has unique elements and the same



steering geometry as the GP racer. Suspension and braking components are pretty much the best kit out there, with Ohlins handling the springing and Brembo handling the stopping chores. From the carbon-fiber bodywork to the magnesium-alloy wheels, this is a drop-dead beautiful motorcycle that is as hot to behold as it is potent in motion.

Of course, this incredible exclusivity doesn’t come cheap: \$72,500. But for the price, you get not only a true MotoGP street bike, but also a three-year warranty with maintenance included. Two trick paint schemes are offered, but production is extremely limited and the ‘08s are already spoken for. **OUT**



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline, 90-degree V-four; Desmodromic valves
Bore x stroke	86 mm x 42.56 mm
Displacement	989 cc
Fuel system	Magneti Marelli electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	Ohlins 43-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Ohlins single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual Brembo 330-mm discs with monoblock calipers
Rear brake	Single Brembo 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 R-17
Rear tire	200/55 R-16
Fuel tank	Four gallon
Wheelbase	56.3 inches
Seat height	32.6 inches
Dry weight	364 pounds
MSRP	\$72,500

"If you keep having bullshit fights, she is definitely trying to get you to break up with her. It's hard, but you just have to draw the line and say, 'Fuck it.'"



Quitting Time

Unless you're a one-night-stand devotee, there's a good chance you've spent time in Dumpsville. It sucks. (At least that's what we've heard.) Penthouse Pet Valentina Vaughn reveals the secret signs women give before kicking guys to the curb.

By Jonathan Ages

SHE'S GOT GAME

"Dating is such a twisted world of manipulation. If a girl really likes you, she will play games—like making you wait for sex. If I'm interested in a guy, I ask him as many questions as he asks me. If I'm not really into him, I won't. I stop listening and totally use him like a punching bag and therapist."

CHEAT CODES

"Some girls look good all the time and some girls only look good when they like a guy, so the cellphone is a better indication of a girlfriend's wandering eye. If she doesn't answer her cellphone at work, that's fine. But if she doesn't answer at another time or call you back within the hour, that's the No. 1 sign she's cheating. And when a girl accuses you of having a wandering eye, it's her guilty conscience coming out. Cheaters accuse somebody else of cheating because it makes them feel better about themselves. This is, like, Psychology 101."

ON A BREAKAWAY

"When somebody says, 'I want to take a break,' it means that they know the relationship is going to hell. A break doesn't necessarily mean it's the end, though. There is still a chance that you'll get back together. But when she's taking the break, she's either doing her best to get over you or trying to forgive you for all the dumb shit you've been doing."

GOING TO THE MATTRESSES?

"If you keep having bullshit fights—and I think it's guys who mostly do this 'cause they're fucking pussies—then she wants out. She doesn't respect you. She is definitely trying to get you to break up with her. It's hard, but you just have to draw the line and say, 'Fuck it.'"

HOOP DREAMS

"I give fair warning when I'm about to break up with a guy. I'll keep my mouth shut and just observe more. I was totally at wit's end during my last breakup, but I was trying to make the relationship better. I wasn't surprising him with dinner or anything, but I was giving him another chance. He should be the one jumping through hoops, not me. And if he doesn't want to, then it's just that much easier to leave him." **Q+A**



Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Stamina" issues are keeping you from performing at your best then read this letter that reveals the sex secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in her pleasure zone!



Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "stamina". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated – he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and he found a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that were supposed to help his stamina but unfortunately they just made things worse. Not only did they completely numb him to the point where he could no longer perform ... but they completely numbed me too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

We were just about ready to give up when a friend happened to tell him about something new - something completely different. He told him that if he really wanted to improve his stamina and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new **Male Delay and Stamina Formula** called **Maxoderm VIVAXA**. The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a powerful blend of ingredients unlike anything else on the planet! It actually helps soothe hyper-excitable skin. It's not a numbing lubricant, and

since it absorbs quickly, it won't ruin my pleasure. It seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, we noticed an incredible difference. What took 10 minutes now lasts an hour if we want it to! In fact, by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter – I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used VIVAXA, a quality male delay and stamina enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time that I need! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY*** with your order if you call **1-800-687-9541** or visit their website at www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

*Dear Readers,

I did some research on Maxoderm VIVAXA and here's what I found: VIVAXA uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first Male Delay and Stamina enhancer on the market designed to soothe hyper-excitable skin, helping intimate sessions last longer. The makers of VIVAXA have even designed this one of a kind patent-pending formula with her needs in mind – that's why it absorbs fast upon application. The reduced hyper-excitable sensation for him can lead to longer lasting intimacy which means more pleasure for her! And guys ... you know what that really means! Check out VIVAXA by calling **1-800-687-9541** or visit www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get **\$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order – **FOR A LIMITED TIME**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Individual results may vary. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. Customer testimonial results may not be typical. The pen name Dr. Steffanie Seaver is used for privacy purposes. All credentials are actual. PENT0708



Lime in the Sand

Sometimes even the manliest guy needs to mix up something with a touch of cream.

By Tucker Shaw

Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

WHAT

Vodka, like all booze, is a product of fermenting and distilling and filtering stuff. In the case of vodka, the stuff could be almost anything: potatoes or corn or wheat or rice, or even grapes or sugar. Most vodkas are around 80 to 100 proof, or 40 to 50 percent alcohol.

The purest vodkas are exhaustively distilled and filtered to get rid of any flavor or texture left over from whatever was fermented in the first place. Because it has so little flavor, vodka's a perfect mixing spirit, a clean slate. Some vodkas have added flavors like orange, lemon, coffee, or pepper. While this might seem like a needless bastardization of a perfectly good product (see also: flavored colas, "Cool Ranch" anything), the truth is, people have been flavoring vodka for centuries.

WHY

The frozen bullfrog is creamy and smooth, like a lime-sicle in a glass. Serve this summertime cooler in the afternoon, when you're lying around in the sun by the pool. Or in front of the television. Your choice.

Tip: Make sure your cream is cold. Put it in the freezer for a half hour if necessary before blending.


HOW

Ingredients (makes two drinks)

5 ounces vodka
2 tablespoons frozen limeade concentrate
2 tablespoons chilled heavy cream

Place two cups crushed ice in blender. Add vodka and limeade concentrate. Blend for ten seconds. Add cream. Blend for five seconds, pulsing in five-second increments as necessary. Pour into cocktail or old-fashioned glasses, garnish with lime wedges, and serve immediately.

MIX IT UP

Classic bullfrog: Stir together two ounces vodka and six ounces limeade. Pour into rocks-filled old-fashioned glass and stir. Garnish with a lime wedge. 

Serve this summertime cooler when you're lying around by the pool. Or in front of the television.



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Cassia Riley
2006 Pet of the Year
runner-up



sooner siren

Ashlynn Brooke has come a long way since leaving Oklahoma for L.A., and the 22-year-old, 34C-24-34 stunner has a red-hot adult-film career to show for it. But she has one simple reason for wanting to be in *Penthouse*: "You always have hot chicks. I love hot chicks!"

Photographs by Misha







"I could never tell you my favorite sex scene in a movie, unless you have room for a whole book. I'm a sucker for a good sex scene, and there are too many great ones to name."



"It's just as hard for me to pick one favorite sexual fantasy. I get to live out my fantasies all the time, which is one of many reasons why I'm so enthusiastic about my work."









"I have a list of celebrities I'd like to have sex with: Brad Pitt, George Clooney, a pre-baby Britney Spears, Jessica Alba ... and Brett Favre is a true American idol."

"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the first time I was with a girl. It was hot shower sex, and she was beautiful, sensual, and amazing."



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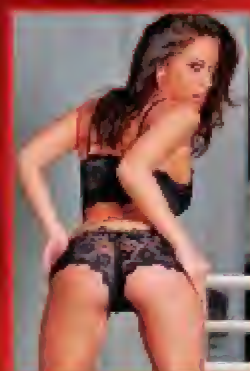
PHW1

Sunrise Adams



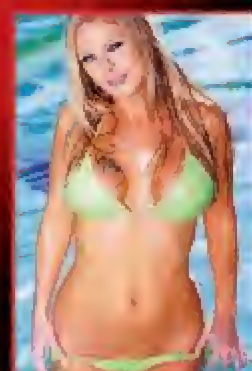
PHW2

Cassia Riley



PHW3

Jennifer Emerson



PHW4

Suzanna Birch



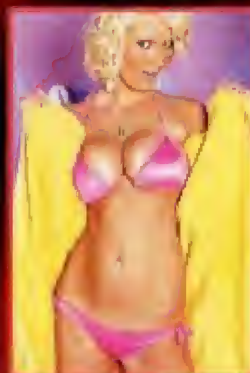
PHW5

Tyler Faith



PHW6

Hanna Hilton



PHW7

Jaime Hammer



PHW8

HOW TO ORDER

-  **Main Menu**
Messages 0
Multimedia
Settings
Create a new text message.
-  **PHW3**
Enter code of cell phone content desired.
-  **25184**
Text the code to **25184**
-  **Message Center**
Credits Message
Message Inbox
Personal
Go to your message inbox. Select link.
-  **Message 1**
from: penthousemobile.com
8:35pm 1/7/08
Start download.
-  
Save and enjoy your Penthouse Pet!

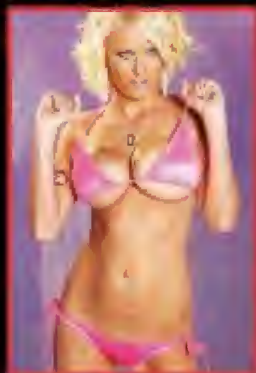


HEATHER
VANDEVEN
PHW9

Penthouse Mobile: This is a monthly subscription service and a user will receive 20 download credits each month for just \$9.99/month until the service is cancelled. The Credits can be used for wallpaper, video, ringtones and game downloads. Credits per content download may vary and content availability may vary per device. Games may not be available via all wireless carriers. Content downloads are available on AT&T, Sprint, Cellular one, T-Mobile, Verizon Wireless, Virgin Mobile (wallpapers only). A phone with wireless web enabled and SMS enabled (short message service) account is required. Unused credits will rollover to the next month and expire after 90 days if not used. You may cancel this subscription at anytime by text messaging the word "STOP" to "25184" from your mobile device. Charges will appear on your carrier phone bill. You must be at least 18 years of age. Individuals between the ages of 13-18 must have parental consent and/or bill payer's permission to sign up. Standard carrier charges may apply. Text HELP for help or email support@25184mobile.com For more terms and content visit www.mobilepenthouse.com

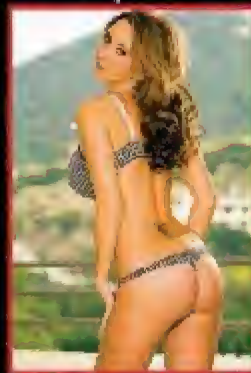
SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS 1

Shay Laren



PHS 2

Jamie Lynn



PHS 3

Heather Vandeven



PHS 4

Andie Valentino



PHS 5

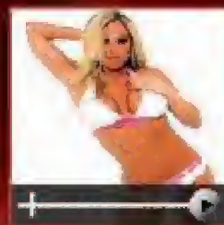
Kimberly Williams



PHS 6

VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



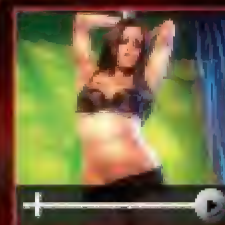
PHV 1

Nikie St. Giles



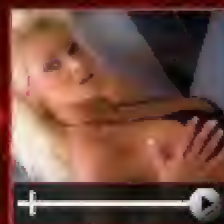
PHV 2

Mikayla



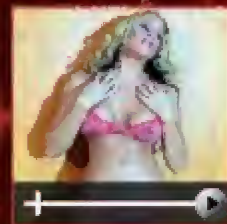
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Zdenka Podkapova



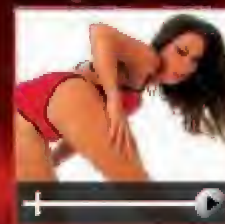
PHV 4

Nicole Sheridan



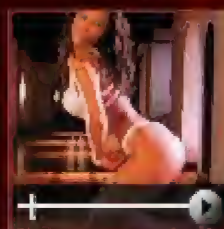
PHV 5

Lindsey Meadows



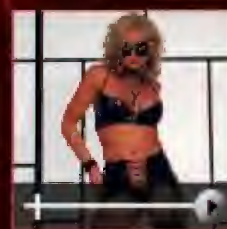
PHV 6

Suzena



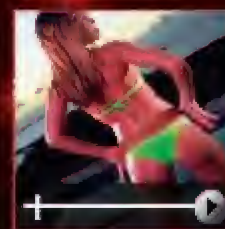
PHV 7

Montana Bay



PHV 8

Gabi



PHV 9

GAMES

BLACKJACK



PHG 1

SLOT MACHINE



PHG 2

SOLITAIRE



PHG 3

SUDOKU



PHG 4

RINGTONES

ANSWER THAT B*TCH

PHR 1

HEY BABY

PHR 2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR 3

NAUGHTY SPANK

PHR 4

LOOKING FOR D*CK

PHR 5

MILE HIGH CLUB

PHR 6

YOU WIN A BJ!

PHR 7

HEY BIG BOY

PHR 8

G SPOT

PHR 9

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The Patriot Guard

For the United States, mired in two conflicts with no end in sight, there's no shortage of young men and women returning from battle in flag-draped caskets. Many of them are escorted by earlier heroes who had no welcome of their own upon return from Vietnam, but are now determined that a new generation of fallen warriors goes to rest honored and venerated.

By Johnny Rico



When Lakota Indian Chuck "Chief" Mechling shipped off to war, he was entrenched in the brotherhood and esprit de corps of fellow Marines that constituted his off-reservation family and most of what mattered in this world.

When he returned, it was alone, and clutching at the phantom sodden memory of dead dear friends. The burden of remembrance was made all the more painful by the hollow reception that greeted his reunion with America. "Nobody knew," he says. "Nobody cared. There was complete apathy." And as Chief Mechling knows all too well, painful reminiscence unable to be shared has a way of gaining weight. It was a dismissal hard to forget, and harder to forgive.

When his son, a Marine in the footsteps of his father, returned home after his second tour of duty in Iraq, Chief Mechling made a private promise that his son wouldn't be treated as he had been. He organized his local chapter of the Patriot Guard to receive his son at the airport and escort him home in a convoy of screaming motorcycles adorned with flapping flags—a small but reasonable demonstration of respect.

And then, something unexpected happened: Two hundred riders showed up.

And as this mile-long furious flurry of motorcycles and fluttering flags sped down the interstate, their numbers grew as passing motorists in cars started to trail them. People whom he had never known and would never know saluted, honked their horns, and offered thumbs-up displays as they changed lanes and made space on the interstate; traffic was acquiescent as a demonstration of appreciation.

"People we never met just started joining in as we went. We'd lose some people, gain some more. It was one of the first missions for the California Patriot Guard, and there were 50 cars surrounding us honking and saluting." Chief Mechling's voice breaks as he considers the memory: "I can barely keep it together, thinking about this now."

Between the homecoming of father and son, something within America changed. And according to Chief Mechling, it's this renewed sense of patriotism and identity that's given rise to the Patriot Guard, a nationwide organization of bikers and motorcycle enthusiasts that protects, honors, and escorts any service member returning to native soil. It's also what has made the Patriot Guard one of the fastest-growing grassroots organizations in American history: more than 100,000 members, and chapters in almost every state in just three years.

Chief Mechling joined, like most riders at the movement's start, because of the Westboro Baptist Church, a deranged congregation of religious fanatics that tours the nation picketing the funerals of dead soldiers, carrying out an obsessive vendetta against homosexuality that curiously finds causal relation between the U.S. military and what they perceive as the rise of a sodomite nation: dead soldiers as divine retribution for America's increasing tolerance of homosexuals.

For Mechling and many of the early Patriot Guard riders, the protesting of funerals was too eerily reminiscent of the reception received by their generation of soldiers and Marines. Their escort of funerals was a bid for both literal and emotional protection; a leather-clad symbolic counterprotest filled in rank and file by Harley-Davidson motorcycles. But somewhere along the way, the practice became entrenched in habit, and quickly transformed into a new, honest-to-God, homespun organic American tradition: When a soldier returned to America, dead or alive, those who served before escorted this soldier home in a demonstration of respect. In a modern America where shopping at the mall constitutes civic engagement, for many, the Patriot

When the motorcycles and flags sped down the interstate, their numbers grew as passing motorists started to trail them. People saluted, honked, and offered thumbs-up.

Guard is a chance to reconnect with long-dormant feelings of enjoinder to this great American experiment.

Mechling's son is back in the desert now, chipping away at his third tour. And Chief Mechling does his part for corps and country by receiving his son's fellow soldiers and Marines, both those who return safely and those who do not. But these days, because of faraway conflicts between Sunni and Shiite—differences that here on the ground in America are difficult to discern—there are more funerals than welcome-home ceremonies. And bearing constant homage to the dead exacts a strenuous toll. For Chief Mechling, it inspires fear for the future: Each young man being lowered into the ground is his son, and he is each grieving, screaming parent.

But he's less bitter about his own long-ago return: "A lot of the Patriot Guard riders tell me this is the welcome home they never received. One day of being out there on a mission does more than 30 years of therapy. We will never allow our current vets to share the indignities we faced when we returned." He pauses to consider his final statement to me and adds, "Never again."

It's early morning in Tacoma, Washington, and I'm in the rear parking lot of a motorcycle dealership with 30 bikers and their motorcycles as we huddle under an overcast, darkened sky. We stand in puddles as we suck cigarettes and sip steaming coffee. We brace against the wind—agile, biting, and ferocious. We stare up at the ominous clouds and wince at the potent forecasting of imminent meteorological fury. It's a day custom-made for a funeral procession.

For most, funerals are a forlorn ceremony. But for the men and women of the Patriot Guard—motorcycle riders clad in black leather and the badges of their former military service who look every bit as fierce as the Hells Angels—it's a recurring painful tradition: another day, another dead soldier—inevitable and perpetual while in the throes of twin wars. Most of them have lost count of the number of funerals they've attended and protected; the question itself is considered rude because the number doesn't matter. They'll keep doing this as long as they have to.

They're mostly blue-collar, the folks that keep the nation afloat: They drive the trucks, work the factories, fix the cars—these are the people who defend us. They don't earn large salaries or accrued leave, but they come anyway, taking unpaid days at work and traveling long distances, sometimes from out of state, so that they can participate.

And this funeral we're about to protect, escort, and pay homage to is where the stainless-steel statistics of Pentagon press releases, listing the enumerated names of the fallen dead become real-life sobbing and exhausted tears. This is where the sanguine sentence structure of a newspaper obituary becomes a crying mother who has just lost her beloved son. This is Ground Zero for a family you've never met, grieving for a soldier you've never met. But a soldier who died for all of us just the same. This soldier's name was Corporal Jose Morales.

Joel "Cowboy" Oestrich is a Vietnam-era Marine with a gray handlebar mustache, looking dashing sleek and fierce in wraparound shades and a black skull cap. He's the state captain. I sip on my coffee as I shiver and ask him if it ever gets easier. Cowboy cocks his head and shoots me a look from



(Top) Patriot Guard riders proceed to a cemetery in Trimont, Minnesota, after a 2006 funeral for a National Guardsman killed in Iraq. (Above) The Patriot Guard keep Westboro Church protesters away from the funeral of a fallen soldier in Beebe, Arkansas.

beneath his sunglasses that wonders in bemusement at my stupid question. He leans in close and whispers, "Frequency doesn't make it easier to swallow. You still choke. Even on funeral No. 22. You still choke."

"It hurts," Cowboy continues. "It kills me to see these young soldiers come back this way, but when I don't have that feeling, I turn that in." He points to a Patriot Guard patch on his jacket. "Vietnam was a real shit hole if you were a vet coming home. Getting spit on. Getting cups thrown at them at the airport. Getting called baby killers. Today, the Patriot Guard is at the airport to welcome them. Our main concern is that this American soldier gets his respect, because he is a true American hero. It shows the family that there are still parts of the United States of America where people care about what's going on. A lot of our members, they had this patriotism. They just didn't know what to do with it."

I move to Cullen Ritchie, a contractor now after 20 years of service in the Navy. He's younger than the rest and just got out a few years ago; everything about him, from his spit-and-polish conservatism to the heavy part in his hair, stands in opposition to the rest of the crowd with their ponytails and tattoos. I ask him why he does this and he responds that it's partly for his father.

"That's sweet," I say, slightly sarcastically, even though it is, in fact, sweet. Cullen tells me that his dad returned from Vietnam warped for the rest of his years by a plague of memories he could neither share nor indulge. When Cullen enlisted in the Navy, his father visited him one night in his room, told him he loved him, then killed himself the following day.

I ask him if he has regrets about his dad.

"Yeah," Cullen responds. "I wish I hadn't gone back to sleep when he woke me up in the middle of the night." He pauses, considers his next statement, and says, "He came back in '72 and there were no outlets. But it's different now. When I started it was, 'The Patriot Guard? What's that?' But now, if I got my gear on and I'm going down the freeway, there's carloads of people giving us a thumbs-up. You have service members rolling down their window and thanking you. You can't describe the feeling. We don't do this as a prideful thing. It's odd, because we're there for them, but it does show that we're making a difference."

I ask him if riding with the Patriot Guard is an attempt to atone.

Cullen curls his lips before offering a better description: "It's just making things right."

Mike Flanagan, dressed in black chaps and a jacket adorned with Marine Corps patches, his face mostly hidden behind a low-hanging cap and goatee, is the ride captain for today's events. He raises his voice and asks the 30 bikers to gather round. Cellphones swing shut, voices quiet, laughter dies down. It's time to start the debriefing....

Mike mounts a curb, looks out into the crowd, and explains the route. He identifies the ride captains: Cowboy and Hound Dog, they'll be blocking the roads. He reminds us to stagger the convoy. And remember your hand signals, folks—please don't forget to signal. And there's absolutely no smoking on the flag line. If you can't go an hour without a cigarette, find a meeting or a patch. Roads are wet; be careful of conditions. And turn off your cellphones. If one goes off during the ceremony, it'll be confiscated and skipped across the pond like a rock.

Mike sighs and takes a breath: "There is a chance we will have uninvited guests." A palpable collective angry grumble issues forth from the bikers.

He's referring to the Westboro Baptist Church. There are rumors that they're going to show and attempt to disrupt the funeral. It has put everyone slightly on edge and made for a good showing in our numbers. And like any good military operation,

"Our main concern is that this American soldier gets respect.... There are still people that care. A lot of our members had this patriotism. They just didn't know what to do with it."

scouts have already been deployed to perform reconnaissance along the route, to ensure that we have advance warning if the protesters arrive.

"If they happen to be on our ride path, ignore them," Mike continues. "They are beneath you. They are the scum that fell on the ground on the way in."

Polite laughter emanates from somewhere in the back.

"For those of you who don't know why we're here, we're here to honor Jose Morales, who fell in combat in Iraq. We will have a mother there and assorted family. I'm not concerned with what patch you have on your back, what patch you have on your sleeve. What's important to me is the honor and respect right now that you have in your hearts!" He pauses before his monologue's final epithet: "Today, we ride as the Patriot Guard!"

His statement is every bit as empowering as it sounds.

The faces in the crowd smile.

The rain begins to fall.

With each Patriot Guard rider I talk to, it's the same story repeated and recycled, reincarnated through brothers and fathers and sons, and long-ago soldiers and sailors and Marines who never were honored: It's that desperate cry that a sacrifice be honored, and a life offered be acknowledged.

For Ron Strong, who served three tours in Vietnam, sleeping in the mud and the rain, buoyed forward on the fantasies of homecoming only to be told by commanding officers while he recovered from wounds at the Oakland Naval Hospital that he shouldn't leave the base in anything but civilian attire lest he be identified as a service member, riding in the Patriot Guard matters. It's why he drives across the country to attend funerals, proudly listing the itinerary of far-flung states where he's performed missions.

For David Ramirez, who became so embittered upon his return that he began to feel a contemptuous hate for the country he once loved and served, riding with the Patriot Guard allows him to feel tenderness toward his country again.

For each of these veterans, it's more than honoring those presently serving—it's a chance at redemption.

It took 35 years and most of his life for Rick Clement to be thanked for his service in Vietnam. Just out of high school when he heeded his country's call to fight the great perceived Soviet threat in Southeast Asia, he hadn't joined for gratuitous platitudes or to be called a hero—he just wanted to do right by the country that had afforded him so much. "I wasn't drafted," he says. "I joined because I believed in America." But, all the same, after witnessing the butchering of women and children and too many bullet-strewn bodies, a voluminous catalog of carnage that to this day makes his throat constrict, a single simple thank-you would have been appreciated.

Unfortunately for Clement, the America he returned to in 1971 wasn't in the habit of honoring soldiers of a misbegotten conflict. "I was involved with drugs for about seven years after I got back,"



he says. "I did drugs and alcohol to erase the memories. I know how we were treated. We had no one to help us. There were no VA hospitals, no World War II vets stepping up to the plate." As we talk over the phone, his voice quivering and increasingly emotional, he tells me about being called a baby killer and being spit on. He is still angry all these years later that not a single person in his family ever has bothered to ask him about the war. "For years if you wore a Vietnam vet hat, you'd see people notice you and just avert their eyes and look away," he says. "Like they were ashamed of you."

And for 35 years, he never heard a single statement of appreciation or a kind word of acknowledgment for his sacrifice. For 35 years it was nothing but uncomfortable looks and retreating glances that would shyly shift toward the floor after making contact with one of his Vietnam patches. He says, "I spent my entire life covering tattoos and feeling uncomfortable about wearing anything that would mark me as a veteran."

In the end, it took 35 years and a nine-year-old boy sitting across from him in a hospital waiting room to offer what he had been waiting a lifetime to hear: "My brother-in-law was involved in



The Patriot Guard salutes as the casket of an army sergeant, killed in Iraq in 2006, is moved to a hearse in New York City. (below, from left) The Guard marching in Vandalia, Ohio, in February 2008; Guard bikes at a funeral in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, in 2006; a final salute at Arlington National Cemetery, 2006.



an accident on his motorcycle, and while he was in surgery, there was this little boy sitting across from me. He was staring at me and I was thinking, *That's kind of weird*. And he came up and said, 'Sir, I want to thank you for serving our country.' He was learning about Vietnam in school. I was surprised a little nine-year-old kid would do that in the first place. I deal with adults every day, and it takes a little boy. It kind of blew my mind. First time I ever heard this. I went out the door and I couldn't find him. I wanted to know what they were teaching him about Vietnam." Rick laughs on the other end of the phone. "I wanted to know why we were there. Here I am, this old veteran, and I'm running around looking for this little kid so that I can find out what they taught him in school because I'm thinking maybe he can tell me why we were there."

And as the war in Iraq soured and the wounded soldiers started to return, he decided to do what hadn't been done for him: "I'm working with these kids who are returning from Iraq and Afghanistan. Counseling them, just talking to them, helping them out as much as I can." These days, as the Fresno chapter captain of the Patriot Guard, he's allowed to be proud of his service. He's also thanked a lot more frequently. And business is booming. In

four months, the Fresno chapter has grown from five members to 35. There's something about this movement that's catching on, striking at some commonly felt note of discord with the modern state of America.

He tells me about another young soldier in Sonora, California, who's just returned home. Rick's in charge of the services and the escort. Rick tells me, in no uncertain terms, that this soldier is going to get one hell of a welcome.

It's a quarter to nine in the morning on a weekday in the small mountain hamlet of Sonora, a quaint, cute village tucked neatly into the folds of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It's 8:45 A.M. and there are 1,000 people in the streets, trickling onto sidewalks and asphalt as they pass the military museum, the Sonora Bridal Boutique, coffeehouses, and antique stores. They make their way to the town's center, where they line the gutters and intersections, clenching miniature American flags as they squint under the blazing sun. It's 8:45 A.M. and Sergeant Bobby Rapp has returned home—dead—from the far side of the world.

At the local elementary school, the same one Bobby Rapp attended as a child, the teachers wait in the parking lot with their classes and listen to the local radio, the deejay reminding the townspeople of the sequencing of today's events. Instead of advertising its room rates, the sign at the Inns of California reads BOBBY RAPP, WAR HERO. At the old-fashioned firehouse, a firefighter climbs the extended ladder on the back of their fire engine, red and glistening, as he suspends himself over traffic, making final adjustments to the hanging oversize American flag that waves in the early-morning wind over Main Street.

It's been said that when the Army and the Marines went to war, America went shopping, the suggestion being that the folks in small-town America don't feel the pinch. That they don't share in the sacrifice made by the young men and women of the armed forces. But the people who would say such things have never been to Sonora, where the loss is visceral and intense; a tear- and scream-inducing punch to the gut. Places like Sonora, where Sergeant Rapp is the 23rd sacred son from the valley to have fallen in combat. Proportionally, Sonora is one of the hardest-hit communities in all of America, and with a population of only 4,000, it's a brutal burden to bear.


"It's like God has it out for the people here; he keeps taking their sons," says one leather-clad member of the Patriot Guard who sits on a side street, precipitously named Veteran's Way. As he straddles his beast of a motorcycle and scrutinizes the passing crowd for protesters, I ask him if he knew Sergeant Rapp.

He responds that he didn't—but that's not the point.

An Army veteran next to him wearing a baseball cap that identifies his unit of duty with patriotic pins and flags responds that his wife was Rapp's third-grade teacher.

And although I'm supposed to be an objective journalist, I'm wired with emotion because I, too, was a soldier in Afghanistan who almost died. And because it's all just too much—the collective outpouring of veterans and citizens, the fire truck, and the flags. I feel intimately connected to a community I know nothing about, simply by being here. It's a scene that makes you fall in love with being an American.

And then, the elasticity of the crowd contracts, the subdued conversations trail off, and a silence overtakes the crowd as faces peer down Main Street in anticipation. In the distance, there's the gurgling thunder of a motorcycle engine revving, leading the funeral procession through the town.

Here comes the Patriot Guard. 

Beijing Circus

The 2008 Summer Olympics, which run from August 8 to 24, promise plenty of drama, both in and out of competition.

By John Bolster

Not since Russia in 1980 has there been a more controversial host government for the Olympics. From its policies in Sudan (where it has helped finance a regime engaged in genocide) and Tibet to its domestic repression to a rather nasty smog problem in the host city, the Chinese Communist Party has its hands full trying to pull off a successful, incident-free Summer Games. Even the pre-Olympics torch relay, which is normally little more than a PR exercise, was interrupted by protests.

As for the competition, there will be a smattering of new events on the athletic menu, including BMX racing and marathon swimming events for men and women.

Other than that—and the potential for pollution-induced asthma attacks among the marathon runners—these Games will remain essentially the same as previous Summer Olympics, and we're fired up. Herewith, a breakdown of our favorite events.



The National Aquatics Center (left) and National Stadium (above), aka the Water Cube and the Bird's Nest, will host swimming and track and field.



Gay is gunning to join Jesse Owens and Carl Lewis as the only men to win four gold medals in one Olympics.

SPORT: Track and Field

■ **Why We Like It:** Track and field is the Summer Olympics, from Jesse Owens to Carl Lewis to, yes, Ben Johnson.

■ **What to Watch:** The 100-meter dash is the crown jewel, and it awards the killer title of World's Fastest Man, but there are many other worthy events. We like the punishing 10,000 meters, the long jump, the high jump (especially women's; see below), and the 200-meter dash, where the athletes come around the bend with such a head of steam they violate the school-zone speed limit.

■ **Who to Watch:** Tyson Gay: The U.S. sprinter is gunning to join Owens and Lewis as the only men to win four gold medals in a single Games. Gay will

run the 100, 200, 4 x 100 relay, and, he hopes, the 4 x 400 relay. Liu Xiang: China's 110-meter hurdler won gold in Athens in '04, and is expected to do it again on home soil. He's the world-record holder, but he'll be running with the weight of China's 1.3 billion people squarely on his shoulders.

■ **Performance-Enhancing Drug (PED) Profile:** Off the charts. You name it—EPO, HGH, testosterone, anabolic steroids—it has turned up in samples taken from track athletes.

■ **Hotties of Note:** Researchers are struggling to explain why female high jumpers are so foxy, and they have many examples to work with: Amy Acuff, U.S.; Blanka Vasic, Croatia; Emma Green, Sweden. Jenny Adams, a hurdler from the U.S., is also not someone you'd eject from your sleeping quarters for consuming crumbly snack food.



SPORT: Basketball

■ **Why We Like It:** It's now a competition instead of a coronation, as the rest of the world has caught up with the historically dominant U.S. team. The Americans haven't won gold since 2000, losing three games en route to an embarrassing bronze in 2004. They'll be hungry to remedy that this year—and have more than enough talent to get the job done.

■ **What to Watch:** Three teams had yet to qualify for the men's tournament at press time (pending a 12-team tourney in Greece on July 14 to 20), but there are already some intriguing group-stage matchups on the schedule, including Lithuania against Russia, the U.S. against 2006 world champs Spain and its roster of NBA-tested players, and the U.S. against China, with its towering frontcourt of seven-foot-five-inch Yao Ming (Houston Rockets), seven-foot-one-inch Wang Zhizhi, and six-foot-eleven-inch Yi Jianlian (Milwaukee Bucks). Plus: Iran (!) is in this tournament.

■ **Who to Watch:** LeBron James, Kobe Bryant, Dwight Howard, and the rest of the U.S. superstars, of course, but other nations will bring plenty of firepower as well, including Pau Gasol (L.A. Lakers), Juan Carlos Navarro (Memphis Grizzlies), and Jose Calderon (Toronto Raptors) of Spain, Manu Ginobili (San Antonio Spurs), Luis Scola (Houston Rockets), and Andres Nocioni (Chicago Bulls) of Argentina, and—if they qualify—Dirk Nowitzki (Dallas Mavericks) of Germany, Beno Udrih (Sacramento Kings) and Sasha Vujacic (Lakers) of Slovenia, and Antonis Fotsis (formerly with Memphis) of Greece.

■ **PED Profile:** Low, as far as we know—unless you count weed as a performance enhancer.

■ **Hotties of Note:** Much like the men's tournament, women's Olympic hoops is much more competitive these days than in the past. The U.S. may win gold, but it won't be a cakewalk. As for off-court talent, we'll go with Australia's Lauren Jackson—all six feet five inches of her.

Why watch track and field? Have you seen the female high jumpers?



Phelps and his six-foot-seven wingspan will chase eight gold medals.



LeBron and company will look to redeem their third-place finish of 2004.

SPORT: Swimming

■ **Why We Like It:** We usually don't pay much attention to swimming, but when the Olympics roll around, the sport always pulls us in. Swimming has so much history, from Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan) to Mark Spitz (seven-gold-medal poster boy), and each Olympics serves up a handful of riveting performances, at a minimum.

■ **What to Watch:** The men's 400-meter individual medley, 4 x 100-meter freestyle relay, 200-meter freestyle, 200-meter butterfly, 4 x 200-meter free relay, 200-meter individual medley, 100-meter butterfly, 4 x 100-meter medley relay—these events are also known as **Michael Phelps's** herculean quest: 17 swims in nine days (counting prelims). Also: the controversy surrounding the new **Speedo bodysuit swimsuits**, which are so buoyant and drag-reducing that Italy's swim coach referred to them as "technological doping." Swimmers wearing the new suits broke a preposterous 37 world records from mid-February to mid-May, leaving athletes who aren't sponsored by Speedo with a difficult choice: Do they risk a slower time by sticking with their sponsor's suit, or do they break rank, absorb a fine, and go with Speedo? Speedo sponsors various swim federations, including those of the U.S., Australia, and Great Britain, but many athletes have individual deals with other sponsors.

■ **Who to Watch:** See above: The incomparable Phelps will chase history again, four years after winning six gold medals and two bronzes in Athens. He's trying to become the first Olympic athlete in any sport to win eight gold medals in one Games, and he has a realistic shot at it—and at eight world records.

■ **PED Profile:** Pretty high: The world No. 2 in the 200-meter butterfly, Ioannis Drymonakos of Greece, tested positive in May and withdrew from the Games. There is no shortage of others like him in the sport.

■ **Hotties of Note:** Sexy photographs of Australia's **Stephanie Rice** drew more than 1.7 million hits on a British tabloid's Website. If you don't mind a girl with six-pack abs and a wiry physique, **Laure Manaudou** of France may be for you, and there are revealing pictures of her online as well, possibly thanks to her ex, Italian swimmer Luca Marin. **Natalie Coughlin** and **Kathleen Hersey** of the U.S. are not unpleasant to gaze upon.



SPORT: Beach Volleyball

■ **Why We Like It:** Fit women in bikinis bouncing around on the beach. (In Athens, they actually had bikini-clad *cheerleaders* for this event, and Beijing plans to follow suit. Talk about bringing a six-pack to a keg party.)

■ **What to Watch:** The digging, the setting, the blocking, the hitting ... the butt-floss bikini bottoms, the lithe tanned bodies ...

■ **Who to Watch:** Defending champs **Kerri Walsh** and **Misty May-Treanor** are the odds-on favorites for the gold medal. But the host nation has two duos that advanced to the semifinals of the 2007 world championships, and Brazil (of course Brazil is good at this sport) has the world championship bronze medalists in Juliana and Larissa (yep, like Brazil's soccer stars, they go by one name). Apparently, men play beach volleyball, too: The top U.S. team, **Todd Rogers** and **Phil Dalhausser**, won the 2007 world title and will vie for the gold against defending Olympic champs **Emanuel Rego** and **Ricardo Santos** of Brazil and Russia's **Dmitry Barsouk** and **Igor Kolodinsky**.

■ **PED Profile:** Unless there's an illegally enhanced SPF out there, not too high. Then again, in an era when badminton players are testing positive for PEDs, no sport is beyond suspicion.

■ **Hotties of Note:** In a crowded field, Brazil's **Talita** stands out, along with Australians **Tamsin Barnett**, **Katie Bartoli**, and **Eliza Dean**. Here's hoping they all qualify, but if not, Google them anyway.

Walsh (above) and May-Treanor are the favorites in beach volleyball, but really, the sport is about so much more than results.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) ERICH SCHUEGL/
NEWSPHOTO/CORBIS, MICHAEL REYNOLDS/EPA/CORBIS

TOP 10 OLYMPICS CONTROVERSIES

10. THE FIRST BOYCOTT (1908 GAMES, LONDON)
Ireland skipped the Games in protest over England's refusal to grant Ireland its independence. Then the U.S. captain refused to dip the American flag for King Edward VII during the opening ceremony, citing U.S. policy that "this flag dips for no earthly king"—a policy that will continue when the Games return to London in 2012.

9. FOR THOSE ABOUT TO JOIN THE AXIS POWERS ... (1932 GAMES, L.A.)
After winning gold in the 1,500-meter run, Luigi Beccali of Italy gave the fascist salute while on the victory podium.

8. RING ROBBERY (1988 GAMES, SEOUL)
The look on Korean light-middleweight Park Si-Hun's face said it all: When he heard that he had been awarded the light-middleweight gold medal over Roy Jones Jr. of the U.S., a sheepish expression washed over him. Jones had thoroughly dominated the fight, out-punching Park 86-32. Few boxing fans doubt that Korean officials, angry over several decisions against their boxers in Los Angeles in 1984, had put the fix in.

7. DOUBLE-BARREL BOYCOTT (1956 GAMES, MELBOURNE)
Egypt, Iraq, and Lebanon skipped the Games in response to the Suez Crisis (Britain, France, and Israel attacked Egypt after that country nationalized the Suez Canal), while the Netherlands, Spain, and Switzerland boycotted after the Soviet Union crushed the Hungarian uprising.

6. KIWI EMBARGO (1976 GAMES, MONTREAL)
When New Zealand, which had sent its rugby team to compete in South Africa in contradiction of anti-apartheid measures recognized by most of the world, was allowed to compete, 26 African and Caribbean nations staged a boycott of the Games.



Wilder (left), a heavyweight medal contender, won the U.S. Golden Gloves title after only 16 career fights.

SPORT: Boxing

■ **Why We Like It:** It's the Sweet Science, and the Olympic version has launched the careers of many legendary pro fighters, including Muhammad Ali, Smokin' Joe Frazier (who won a gold medal with a broken hand in 1964), George Foreman, Sugar Ray Leonard, and Roy Jones Jr.

■ **Who to Watch:** Deontay Wilder,

a six-foot-seven-inch heavyweight from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, didn't take up boxing until he was 19. He's 22 now, and has had a meteoric ascent to the Olympic team, winning the national Golden Gloves title after only 16 fights. China's Zou Shiming is a two-time world champ in light flyweight—which sounds more like an insult than a weight class—and the 106-pounder has a shot to win his country's first-ever Olympic boxing gold medal. Aleksei Tichtchenko of Russia won

the featherweight (126 pounds) gold medal in Athens; he's jumping up to lightweight (132 pounds), where he'll battle talented Cuban Yordanis Ugas.

■ **PED Profile:** Surprisingly low—no major incidents that we're aware of.

■ **Hotties of Note:** Unlike women's wrestling, women's boxing has not yet made it into the Olympics, which is fine by us. [OT 1](#)

Now that politics again loom large over the Games, here's a look at the biggest disputes in Olympics history.

5. SUPERPOWER SNIT (1980 GAMES, MOSCOW/1984 GAMES, L.A.)

Jimmy Carter ordered a boycott of the Moscow Olympics in protest of the December 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Sixty-two nations joined the U.S. protest. The U.S.S.R. returned the favor at the 1984 Games in Los Angeles, because, hey, tit for tat. Thirteen Soviet allies joined the L.A. boycott.

4. THIRD TIME'S THE CHARMLESS (1972 GAMES, MUNICH)

These Games will forever be remembered for the atrocious attack on Israeli athletes, but the biggest competition-related scandal was the conclusion of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. gold-medal basketball game, when the Soviets, down 50-49, were given three chances at an inbounds play with three seconds left. They hit the "winning" bucket on the third one. A five-member panel—with three Communist Bloc members—voted 3-2 to reject the Americans' appeal.

3. BLACK POWER (1968 GAMES, MEXICO CITY)

When U.S. 200-meter runners Tommie Smith and John Carlos stood atop the medals podium with their heads bowed and their black-gloved fists raised, they created an iconic and controversial image. They were protesting the slow progress of the civil rights movement in the U.S., but their gestures outraged many observers, and the pair was suspended from the U.S. team and banned from the Olympic village.

2. AMATEUR HOUR (1912 GAMES, STOCKHOLM)

Jim Thorpe, a Sac and Fox Indian from Oklahoma, won the pentathlon and the decathlon at Stockholm, but when it was revealed that he had accepted small sums (and not used an alias, as most athletes did) to play minor-league baseball in North Carolina in 1909 and '10, Thorpe was declared in violation of the Amateur Athletic Union's rules governing amateurism. He was stripped of the medals.

1. GRANDSON OF A SLAVE (1936 GAMES, BERLIN)

Germany had been awarded the '36 Games before Hitler came to power, but the Nazi leader eagerly seized the opportunity to show the world a revitalized Germany, laying on the propaganda thick and heavy. Much of that, of course, involved notions of Aryan superiority—ideas that were flatly debunked by the performance of African-American Jesse Owens, who won four gold medals and set two Olympic records.

Napoléon's Privates

Celebrity memorabilia is big business these days, with Marilyn Monroe's bra or Muhammad Ali's boxers fetching astronomical prices at auction. But for the specialist collectors, one intimate item is in a different class entirely.

By Tony Perrottet • Illustrations by Coulas & Lourdes

To the horror of the French government, which refuses to accept its authenticity, the penis of Emperor Napoléon has drifted around Europe and the United States since his death in exile in 1821, dried out like beef jerky and kept in a leather presentation box adorned with a gold-embossed crown. Adding insult to injury, the item now resides in a suitcase under a bed in suburban New Jersey. How could such a sacrilege occur? According to its nineteenth-century owner, the organ was illegally removed during Napoléon's autopsy by his vindictive and possibly murderous physician, Dr. Francesco Antommarchi, then smuggled back to France by his corrupt, greedy chaplain, the Abbé Ange Vignali.

The modern world's most famous prisoner had died a little after 6 p.m. on May 5, on the British island of St. Helena, an isolated speck of rock in the South Atlantic Ocean. Napoléon had languished on the tropical island for five and a half years after losing the Battle of Waterloo.

In 1840, the British government allowed Napoléon's body to be repatriated to Paris. But Vignali's relatives continued to lay claim to the most intimate part of the imperial anatomy, along with other St. Helena mementos like monogrammed handkerchiefs, white breeches, and teacups, guarding them religiously for nearly a century.

We know that in 1916 the Vignali Collection was put up for auction in London by descendants of the family, with the organ discreetly described in the catalog as "a mummified tendon taken from [Napoléon's] body during the post-mortem." The *objet de corps* had been stored not in formaldehyde but exposed to the air, although it was placed on a bud of cotton wool in a tasteful

blue case of dark brown morocco leather; it was looking much the worse for wear, having dried and shriveled over the preceding century. An unknown British purchaser passed the collection on to a London company called Maggs Brothers, which sold it in 1924 to the flamboyant American bibliophile A.S.W. Rosenbach for £400. Home in Philadelphia, Rosenbach boasted loudly of the relic's scandalous nature, showed it off at dinner parties to friends, and in 1927 even allowed it to be displayed in the Museum of French Art in New York. Word got out, and the item drew prurient crowds. "Maudlin sentimentalizers sniffed," a reporter from *Time* magazine noted, while "shallow women giggled, pointed." The actual relic, the reporter noted, was "something looking like a maltreated strip of buckskin shoelace or a shriveled eel." In 1969, the now-notorious Vignali Collection was back on the auction block in London. When it failed to sell, the British tabloids screamed: "Not Tonight, Josephine!" To make it more affordable, it was broken up and auctioned in Paris in 1978. Although the event was mobbed by curiosity seekers, the French government remained stoically silent.

There, the penis was snapped up for 13,000 francs (\$2,900) by a Columbia University professor, Dr. John K. Lattimer—America's leading urologist—who kept the Napoleonic prize home in Englewood, New Jersey, and put it in a suitcase under his bed. He died in 2007, and his children have not made any plans regarding the relic. So far, it has been shown to only one person outside the immediate family—this author. The organ is certainly small, shrunk to the size of a baby's finger, with white shriveled skin and desiccated beige flesh.

Is the item authentic? At present, we can only say that it's not *impossible*. Lattimer had the object x-rayed at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital and found that it is definitely a penis. Its ownership, however, is unproven, and the French remain disdainful. So far, officials at Les Invalides, where Napoléon's magnificent tomb attracts thousands of tourists daily, have refused to even consider opening his coffins for DNA tests or examination. When telephoned by writers curious to discuss the story of Napoléon's missing organ, they slam the phone down with a Gallic oath.



Where Are They Now? Celebrity Body Parts

Even before our current craze for bringing historical heroes down to earth, the world was awash with famous bits and pieces. As the ancient Romans used to say, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

■ JESUS CHRIST'S FORESKIN

Provenance: Baby Jesus circumcised eight days after birth according to Jewish tradition. When Jesus ascends to heaven after his death in 33 A.D., Christians assert, the sacred foreskin is left behind; passed on by Mary Magdalen to John the Baptist.

Relic Journey: In the Middle Ages, eight different towns in Europe claim to have the divine foreskin. The Vatican's officially recognized version in Rome is stolen by a soldier in 1557 but ends up in the hill town of Calcata, 30 miles north, where it is put on display until mid-twentieth century.

Current Status: In 1900s, Vatican distances itself from saucy relic; Day of Holy Circumcision removed from church calendar. In 1983, Calcata parish priest declares that the foreskin (which he had been keeping in a cardboard box in his bedroom) has been stolen. Italian conspiracy theorists blame the Vatican, Mafia, neo-Nazis, and/or satanists.

■ JOAN OF ARC'S HEART

Provenance: Although burned at the stake in Rouen by the English in 1431, legend holds that Joan's heart miraculously survives in the ashes. (Modern forensic experts say that the heart is often resistant to fire due to its high water content.) The English burn the body twice more, then dump ashes in the Seine, but rumors persist that fragments were saved.

Relic Journey: In 1867, a Parisian pharmacist discovers a jar of charred oddments marked "Remains found under the stake of Joan of Arc, virgin of Orleans." French patriots rejoice.

Current Status: 2007 DNA tests show the jumbled remains to be Egyptian mummy flesh (a common medical remedy in the Middle Ages), a piece of linen, and a cat's thigh bone—evidently gathered as part of a nineteenth-century fraud when Joan was claimed by French as national hero.

■ SIR THOMAS MORE'S HEAD

Provenance: After his execution by King Henry VIII in 1535, for refusing to accept marriage to Anne Boleyn, the head is parboiled and hung on Tower of London for a month.

Relic Journey: Daughter Margaret Roper bribes gatekeeper for head as he is about to toss it into Thames ("to make way for others"). Legend has it that she keeps it in a "leaden box" preserved in spices and is buried with skull in her arms.

Current Status: In 1978, archaeologists open Roper family crypt in Canterbury and find skull in secret niche; one prominent tooth missing, like Sir Thomas. Unproven, but generally believed to be authentic.

■ KING CHARLES'S VERTEBRA

Provenance: When the body of ill-fated British king is exhumed before dignitaries in 1813, fourth cervical vertebra (damaged in 1649 beheading) is accidentally not returned to coffin.

Relic Journey: Fragment is appropriated by Sir Henry Hallford, future president of Royal College of Physicians, placed in gold-lined box, and displayed on his dinner table; rumors that he also used it as a salt holder.

Current Status: Hallford's embarrassed heirs return macabre object to King Edward VII, who reunites it with royal corpse.

■ OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD

Provenance: In 1661, three years after his death, the embalmed corpse of Puritan dictator Cromwell (who arranged execution of King Charles I, above) is evicted from Westminster Abbey, hanged, and beheaded by royalists for regicide. Head is placed on a pole on display for 23 years before being stolen by a sentry.

Relic Journey: Enters the world of private curiosity collectors; in 1799, battered skull painted and displayed in a Bond Street freak show; purchased in 1814 by Josiah Wilkinson; in 1950s, descendant Horace Wilkinson shows head to children but refuses BBC crew.

Current Status: After scientists

declare the skull authentic, Cromwell's old college in Cambridge, Sidney Sussex, accepts head in 1960 and buries in secret location.

■ GALILEO'S FINGER

Provenance: In 1737, 95 years after the scientist's death, middle digit is removed by Italian admirer Anton Francesco Gori when Galileo's body is disinterred in Padua for reburial in grand tomb. Finger revered for symbolically "pointing the way" from medieval ignorance to modern scientific world.

Relic Journey: In 1841, put on display in Florence Library, then transferred to local science museum.

Current Status: Desiccated digit accepted as authentic; still on display today in an egg-shaped glass case in Museum of the History of Science in Florence, surrounded by Galileo's scientific instruments.

■ PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY'S HEART

Provenance: After drowned Romantic poet's corpse washes up on Italian coast in 1822, decomposing body is burned by friends on beachside funeral pyre, evoking Greek heroes. As poet Byron watches, miraculously intact heart plucked from ashes by roughneck Trafalgar veteran and writer Edward Trelawney.

Relic Journey: After unseemly squabble, heart is presented to distraught wife Mary (author of *Frankenstein*). Mary keeps heart wrapped in silk in book of Shelley's poetry, *Adonais*; for the next 30 years, shows it off to visitors as part of Shelley "shrine" with original manuscripts and locks of poet's hair.

Current Status: Inherited by son Sir Percy Shelley; reported buried with him in 1889 in St. Peter's Churchyard, Bournemouth. (Poet's ashes are in Protestant Cemetery, Rome.)

■ THOMAS EDISON'S BREATH

Provenance: Friend and admirer Henry Ford requests that Edison's son Charles capture Thomas's last breath on his deathbed in a test tube in 1931; Ford believes this contains his soul.

Relic Journey: A labeled test tube,

Pathologist Thomas Harvey drove from Princeton to California to present brain to Einstein's granddaughter.



corked and sealed with paraffin, is found in Ford's belongings on his death in 1950 (with Edison's shoes).

Current Status: Tube currently on display in Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, devoted to "authentic objects, stories, and lives from America's traditions of ingenuity, resourcefulness, and innovation."

■ EINSTEIN'S BRAIN

Provenance: Apparently against Einstein's own wish that he be cremated, genius's brain is removed at autopsy within seven hours of his 1955 death at Princeton, then spirited off by pathologist Thomas Harvey in a mason jar. Harvey also removes eyes and gives them to a friend, Einstein's eye specialist.

Relic Journey: Harvey soon dismissed

by Princeton University for refusing to hand over Einstein's remains. Takes brain to Wichita, Kansas, then in 1997 drives cross-country from Princeton to California to present brain to Einstein's granddaughter. (See Michael Paterniti, *Driving Mr. Albert.*)

Current Status: Brain returned to University Medical Center at Princeton, where it now resides. Eyes reportedly kept in optometrist's drawer for 40 years; now in safe-deposit box, New York City.

■ JFK'S BRAIN

Provenance: Returned to Kennedy family after 1963 autopsy.

Relic Journey: In 1968, Congress orders brain returned for further study, but Kennedy family says it (and some other key items) is missing.

Current Status: Evidently cremated by brother Robert to stop brain becoming public curiosity piece. Rumors spread that it was disposed of to hide evidence of "second gunman"/frontal shots in Dallas, or to hide signs of JFK's syphilis.

■ ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SKULL FRAGMENTS

Provenance: After Lincoln dies from head wound in 1865, frenzy of souvenir hunting occurs; locks of president's hair, his bloodstained collar, suit cuffs, pieces of hotel towel dipped into his blood, are removed. Surgeons keep pieces of Lincoln's shattered skull that were removed in treatment and later autopsy.

Relic Journey: Relics passed on by family members, soon sought by private collectors at auction.

Current Status: Skull fragments, locks of hair removed by surgeons, and bloodied suit cuffs are still on display in National Museum of Health and Medicine, in Washington, D.C. Shown alongside is a "piece of John Wilkes Booth, assassin"—tissue taken from vertebrae during the autopsy after execution. Lincoln's deathbed, bloody sheet, and towel fragments now on display in Chicago Historical Museum.

■ PHARAOH TUTANKHAMEN'S PHALLUS

Provenance: In 1968, 3,292 years after he died, X-rays by Liverpool University researchers show Tut's penis missing—apparently "souve-

nired" four decades earlier by a member of the famous 1922 archeological team that discovered the mummy. Fingers pointed at Harry Burton, the official cameraman who was left alone with the unwrapped corpse in 1922 before it was swathed again for Cairo's Museum of Antiquities.

Relic Journey: Mysterious. Burton died in 1940; heirs remain silent. Some suggest phallic desecration was cause of "mummy's curse" that claimed team members in 1920s, including Lord Carnarvon.

Current Status: Zahi Hawass, head of Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities, declares in 2006 that he has discovered King Tut's penis sarcophagus during CT scan of mummy. The shrunk organ had fallen off in 1968. Skeptics feel Hawass is simply trying to stem disrespect of Egyptian icon.

■ RASPUTIN'S LINE AND TACKLE

Provenance: Elephantine member trimmed from "mad monk" after his 1916 murder by jealous Russian aristocrats in St. Petersburg; according to rumor, discovered by palace maid at murder site.

Relic Journey: Turns up in Paris five years later, worshiped as fertility symbol by female white Russians in secret ceremonies. Claimed by Rasputin's daughter in California until her death in 1977. Trail elusive: one item bought at auction turns out to be dried sea cucumber.

Current Status: An 11.8-inch organ is currently on display in Russian Museum of Erotica, St. Petersburg, in formaldehyde jar; owner claims to have bought it from unnamed "French collector" for \$8,000. Authenticity seriously in doubt, since early descriptions of relic said it had been dried out, not pickled.

■ JOHN DILLINGER'S PENIS

Provenance: After death in 1934 FBI ambush outside Chicago cinema, newspaper photographs of Dillinger's corpse beneath a sheet suggest an unusually large (and erect) organ.

Relic Journey: Legend says J. Edgar Hoover purloins penis and keeps it in a jar, then donates to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Current Status: Hippie protesters in 1960s who enter Smithsonian demanding to see Dillinger's organ are greeted with blank stares. Evidently, the 1934 photograph was a trick of the light: Dillinger's arm, stiff from rigor mortis, lifted sheet to give impression of monster weapon.

The Führer's Other Ball

Hitler's missing testicle has inspired a cottage industry of explanations from historians.

When the Soviets finally released the autopsy report on Hitler's corpse in 1968, some 23 years after his suicide, it contained the startling datum that the Nazi dictator was one testicle short. The body, which had been found in a shallow ditch outside the Berlin bunker on May 4, 1945, and partly burned with gasoline, was identified soon afterward through Nazi dental records (Hitler had terrible teeth, with distinctive metal implants for false incisors). On May 8, the strikingly named Russian autopsy surgeon, Doctor Faust Shkaravaski, found that Hitler's scrotum sac had survived the botched SS cremation intact—"sing'd but preserved"—but it was very definitely minus a bollock.

Why Stalin kept the report secret from the Allies is a mystery. But when the news of Hitler's ball finally did hit the West in '68, it was greeted with fascination and has inspired a cottage industry of explanations from industrious historians.

THEORY NO. 1 HE WAS BORN THAT WAY

The possibility that Hitler was born with monorchism, one testicle missing, provoked a flurry of studies on his psychology, arguing that Hitler's evil was an extreme case of the behavioral changes that have been linked to this physical condition. Freudians suggest that boys with monorchism are obsessed with ordering the world, often via architecture—and Hitler was certainly fascinated with building grandiose structures (not to mention designing an entire world order). Other psychiatrists have suggested that the genital defect might also induce "narcissistic-exhibitionistic-aggressive [tendencies], sadomasochistic fantasies, eroticized megalomaniac daydreams ... compensatory self-aggrandizement, heightened aggressiveness," and "revenge fantasies."

THEORY NO. 2 IT WAS AN OLD WAR WOUND


Perhaps, historians have mused, the testicle went AWOL during the First World War, when Hitler was wounded by a bullet in the thigh, which possibly damaged the groin. After the Soviet autopsy came out in 1968, Hitler's doddering old former army commander on the Western front declared that, yes indeed, Adolf had been found to be one ball down during a standard physical. Later, the author Ron Rosenbaum managed to track down Hitler's even-more-geriatric physician from the 1920s, who insisted that Hitler's genitals were in fact quite normal. (Nazi records don't help here: By the time he had seized power in 1933, Hitler was refusing to undress for doctors; even his trusted personal physician, Dr. Theo Morell, only ever examined him in his underwear.) Such confusion has led some scholars to speculate that the führer was actually subject to a condition called cryptorchism, where one testicle intermittently recedes.

THEORY NO. 3 THE SOVIETS MADE THE WHOLE THING UP

The debate has been made even murkier by the suspicious coincidence that a favorite British song from the Second World War impugns Hitler's manhood. Sung to the catchy tune of the "Colonel Bogey March" (used in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*):

Hitler—has only got one ball,
Göring—has two, but very small;
Himmler is very sim'lar,
And Goebbels has no balls at all



Rosenbaum, who has probably delved deeper into the subject than anyone, concluded that the whole one-ball idea was a Soviet practical joke. The Russians were far from averse to doctoring information about Hitler to mess with Western minds. Keeping the autopsy report secret helped foster the rumor that Hitler had escaped to Argentina and was still alive. They leaked information about Hitler's skull to suggest that the führer had died "a coward's death" by poisoning rather than shooting himself. So where did the testicle idea come from? Rosenbaum speculates that while they were preparing the autopsy for release in the 1960s, Soviets consulted defected British spies Kim Philby and Guy Burgess in Moscow, and the pair of upper-crust reprobates suggested including the datum on Hitler's ball as one last "fuck you" to the West. 



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pretty woman

Jessica Jaymes likes her men the way she likes her rock 'n' roll—hard. We'd give this hot brunette an all-access backstage pass any day.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





"I was a totally rebellious teenager—
your typical troublemaker. I got
into fights twice in junior high.
Even now, as an adult, nothing turns
me on more than makeup sex
right after a big fight."



"My ideal man is artistic and smart, but I really love musicians with dark hair, tattoos, and blue or green eyes. And a sense of humor is a must!"







"I'm not a musician, unless you count drunk karaoke! But I would definitely be a groupie, especially for this one L.A. band Kingsley. I love their music and I really want to fuck the drummer!"





"The fact that I have a big clit and that I'm very sexually adventurous separates me from other women. If a delivery guy caught me masturbating, I'd probably ask him to come in and lend a hand!"

TO SEE JESSICA IN ACTION, CHECK OUT THE SPECIAL OFFER ON [PAGE 71](#).

9 Jessica Jaymes
Pet of the Month
August 2008

Vital stats:

29 years old; 5'7"
34D-22-33

Favorite movies:

The Shawshank Redemption, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Blow

Hottest movie sex scene:

Denise Richards, Neve Campbell,
and Matt Dillon having a threesome in
Wild Things

Favorite food:

Sushi

Favorite drink:

Chardonnay

Favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii

Worst job:

Weighing cheese at Taco Bell

Dream job:

Helping the homeless

What gets you in the mood?

Sensual massages and bubble baths

Character flaw:

I'm too trusting and gullible!

Jessica Jaymes

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INANIMATE ACTION



Do Real Men Play With RealDolls?

Lars and the Real Girl left us with questions about RealDolls.... Lots of questions.

Let's start with the practical: How do you clean them? Where do you store them? What do they *really* feel like? How customized can you get? How does it compare to sex with a real girl, and how the hell will we ever find someone with experience with both who can answer that?

Then there were the queries spawned by our research into those initial questions. We found a few stories online about guys with inanimate "girlfriends" or "companions," not to mention owners' sites full of photos and blogs. If only we could have reached out and asked, How many outfits does your doll have? Why are those 300 bikinis reserved for one of your three dolls? How much do you spend on clothing/makeup/wigs/upkeep? Clearly, more research was needed.

We contacted the folks at RealDoll, and they very nicely agreed to contact a few clients for comments. The seven men who responded were far less creepy than we'd expected, and some even owned dolls for reasons with which we could empathize. Still, we did find out some amusing and entertaining things. We also found the answers to some of our questions in the RealDoll.com FAQs, which, by the way, we highly recommend reading.

RealDoll Facts

It's a basic human desire to want to reach out and hold someone, to feel the weight and warmth of their body against yours, to whisper secrets to someone you trust. But what if you just can't find that special bond? There are options, of course: a fuck buddy, quick-hit relationships, paying for sex... and, since 1996, the RealDoll.

Forget that *Old School*-style blow-up doll. These silicone dolls from Matt McMullen of Abyss Creations can be extraordinary; some even need a second look to reveal their lack of life. Naturally, quality costs: The price ranges from \$6,500 to \$10,000, but customers can choose from 16 faces and ten bodies, and select various wigs, skin tones, makeup colors, and pubic hair (shaved, natural, or trimmed). We heard you can even take a test drive, if you're in their Northern California neighborhood.

The "ladies" are far from low maintenance. While they won't need expensive gym memberships, waxing appointments, or a medicine cabinet full of cosmetics, they must be cleaned properly, using the kit provided by Abyss or with warm water and mild soap. Plus, they can't be left lying down for long periods or they'll develop flat butts or breasts. They cannot stand on their own or support their own weight during sexual play. If marks from tight garments end up on the silicone skin, they're permanent.

Not all men treat their dolls like a real girl. One 50-year-old aerospace engineer told us he would never tell



his friends and family about his dolls (he owns six!). "Why would I discuss how I masturbate with anyone? When I want to jerk off, I pick a doll, a wig, and a porn movie to watch."

The men who responded to our questionnaire made it clear that it was important to them that we treat the subject fairly and honestly. Most expressed affection for their dolls, but none of them would forgo a chance at human interaction for his doll. "Dolls are horrible conversationalists," wrote one man. "They do listen well."

Some of the men are single, recovering from bad dating experiences, or just unable to find the right mate; others are married and have made their dolls a part of their relationships with their wives. "[My wife] is not well, and sex is very uncomfortable for her," one man wrote. "The dolls pinch-hit. I am forbidden by 'wife law' to go into details, but having these dolls definitely saved our marriage."

Even we can't poke too much fun at that. —Mary Beth Quirk



Many RealDoll owners—and their wives, in some cases—set up elaborate *Penthouse*-style photo shoots. If you want to see more, read the Website recommendations in our "Real World" sidebar, or check out the photo gallery on RealDoll.com.



RealDoll offers male dolls, too, though they don't sell nearly as well as the females. And, as you can see here, it's possible to get one with all the trimmings.

RealDoll.com FAQs

HOW DO I CLEAN MY DOLL?

A cleaning kit is included which consists of a douche ball and antibacterial soap. After you have used your doll, flush the cavities out with warm water and antibacterial soap. The face of the doll can be removed for easy cleaning. You can run the face under hot water to clean it but avoid wetting the eyelashes.

WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO STORE MY DOLL?

It should be stored hanging in a neutral position, with legs slightly spread, from the provided neck bolt. The neck bolt is removable for when you are using the doll or when it is lying down.

HOW MUCH WEIGHT CAN THE DOLL SUPPORT?

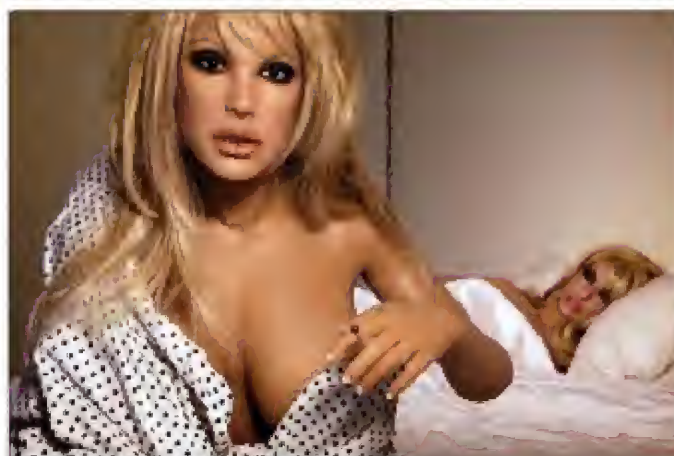
RealDolls can safely support over 400 pounds.

HOW DOES SEX FEEL WITH A REALDOLL?

When penetrated, a vacuum is formed inside the doll's entries which provides a powerful suction effect. This effect is strongest in the RealDoll's oral entry. Some users have reported intense orgasms due to this feature.

TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE DOLL'S ENTRIES.

The inside of the vaginal and anal entries are molded as part of the dolls and have texture and shape which make them feel very much like a real person. A RealDoll's vaginal lips can be stretched apart very realistically.... The oral entry has very soft stretchy lips, ultra soft tongue, soft silicone teeth, and a hinged jaw that opens and closes very realistically. The tongue can be removed to allow for more space and easy cleaning. The inside of the mouth is ribbed for a very pleasurable effect.



RENEE GREGORY OFFERS PROOF THAT EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN.

1500s

French and Spanish sailors use cloth dolls in female form as companions on long journeys.

1930s

The Japanese develop sex dolls for naval crews. The Japanese term for sex dolls, *Datch Waifu*, comes from *Dutch Wife*, a body-length wicker bolster used in the Dutch East Indies to keep a sleeper's limbs cool. The bolsters were used for other reasons by lonely sailors.

1940s

The Nazis reportedly work on a sex doll named *Borghild*, a sexual "counter-balance" for Heinrich Himmler's storm troopers. Rumor has it that the reigning German beauty of the day, Käthe von Nagy, was asked to provide a likeness of her face for the doll but politely declined.

1970s

Hideo Tsuchiya, the president of Orient Industry Company, has said Orient started producing life-size anatomically correct dolls for disabled men who were unable to find a partner. Tsuchiya also said, "Twice a year we arrange for a *kuyo* [Buddhist memorial service] for discarded dolls."

1982

A shipment of sex dolls is denied entrance into Great Britain by Her Majesty's customs service and cited as obscene or indecent items. The ensuing legal complaint goes all the way to the European Court of Justice in 1987, and Britain is forced to lift its stringent prohibitions, which dated back to 1876.



RealDolls in the Real World

ON FILM

HBO *Real Sex: Guys and Dolls*

This documentary focuses on several doll owners, including a young man who is so devoted to his doll that he gives her foot massages, a lanky Southerner who claims with pride to have "three guns, two girls," and a Californian attempting to date "real" women while maintaining his collection of eight RealDolls.

A Perfect Fake

Marc de Guerre takes an intellectual approach, asking, What makes a

person human? Why the attraction to love dolls? Is it unnatural? Can a person have a fulfilling relationship with a sex doll? If you're not sure if wanting your own doll means you're mentally ill, this one's for you.

Lars and the Real Girl

This film by Craig Gillespie explores the relationship between the socially awkward Lars (Oscar nominee Ryan Gosling) and his RealDoll girlfriend Bianca. When he introduces her to his family and friends, hilarity ensues ... sort of.

ONLINE

DollForum.com

doll owners and enthusiasts discuss their dolls and share tips

DollAlbum.com

photo galleries created by different doll owners. Watch Holly go from a buxom blonde drawing to a RealDoll, or come along as Kimiko tries on her old schoolgirl uniform and searches for things that have rolled under the couch.

Homemade-Sex-Toys.com/SexDoll

how-to-instructions for building a poor man's silicone lady friend

CoverDoll.com

a photo gallery of dolls (you need permission to join)

Gordon Griggs Website
<http://www.Geocities.com/GordonGriggs/GingerBrookesRealdollPage.html>

a proponent of silicone love (Gordon was featured in HBO's *Real Sex* doc.)

IN PRINT

Still Lovers

By Elena Dorfman

a photography book about love dolls

I-Doloid

love dolls in various states of undress and play

—Renee Gregory



1996

Abyss Creations begins producing the Real Doll, using Hollywood special-effects technology to produce a realistic appearance and feel.

2003

Tsuchiya tells a *Mainichi* reporter that Japan's "elite" scientists are fucking his Orient Dolls, as the company is the "official" supplier of love dolls to Japan's Antarctic research station.

2005

The Milky Lovers Cafe opens in Japan. Clients can rent a doll for 30 minutes for about \$25. Customers select the head (options include pink-haired anime creations) and outfit, from sexy lingerie to surprisingly modest dresses. There are strict rules of play, and dolls are checked for damage before clients leave.

2007

Sweeties: Finest Sex Doll Rental opens in California. For \$50 an hour, a doll will be delivered to your house in an innocuous-looking brown box. Or you can use the company's lounge; owners and lounge attendants Tony and James advise clients on doll etiquette: No biting, no makeup, no handcuffs!

2008

Clement Eloy reportedly releases the Hotdoll, essentially a sex doll for your pooch. He says that not only do you not have to castrate your dog, but it's funny to watch. (FeelAddicted.com)



A photograph of a person lying on their back on a bed, wearing a pink bikini. The person's legs are bent and raised, with their feet pointing towards the camera. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a wall or a headboard. The overall tone is warm and intimate.

sugar and spice

Morgan was thrilled when Marlie came over to borrow a cup of sugar. She'd had her eye on her neighbor for ages, and knew Marlie had something sweeter than the finest sugar to offer in exchange.

Photographs by Charles Lightfoot



To Morgan's surprise and delight, Marlie had the same thing on her mind. Who needs daytime TV when there's a hot horny babe to please? The only thing desperate about these housewives is their need to get off.





Marlie couldn't wait to pin Morgan to the couch and make her beg for more. After she slipped off her friend's lacy lingerie, her hands wandered down to Morgan's throbbing clit.





As Marlie's tongue and fingers probed Morgan's glistening folds, she enjoyed a sweeter treat than either of them could ever bake.





Morgan turned the table on her lusty companion, making her throw her head back and groan with pleasure. Two can play that game, and everybody wins.



WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF MORGAN AND MARLIE
AT PENTHOUSE.COM/MORGANANDMARLIE.

The Sum of Her Parts

There's a lot more than meets the eye when it comes to your lover's sexual anatomy.

By Em & Lo • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

The waters of a woman's pleasure system run way deep. (And we're not just talking about the vaginal canal.) Her parts are not inferior, miniature versions of yours, but rather equitable, albeit more internal, sexual structures that enjoy stimulation as much as yours. They just need the right kind of stimulation. Understanding some of those structures—and understanding how each part compares to bits and pieces—is the first step in learning to provide this stimulation.

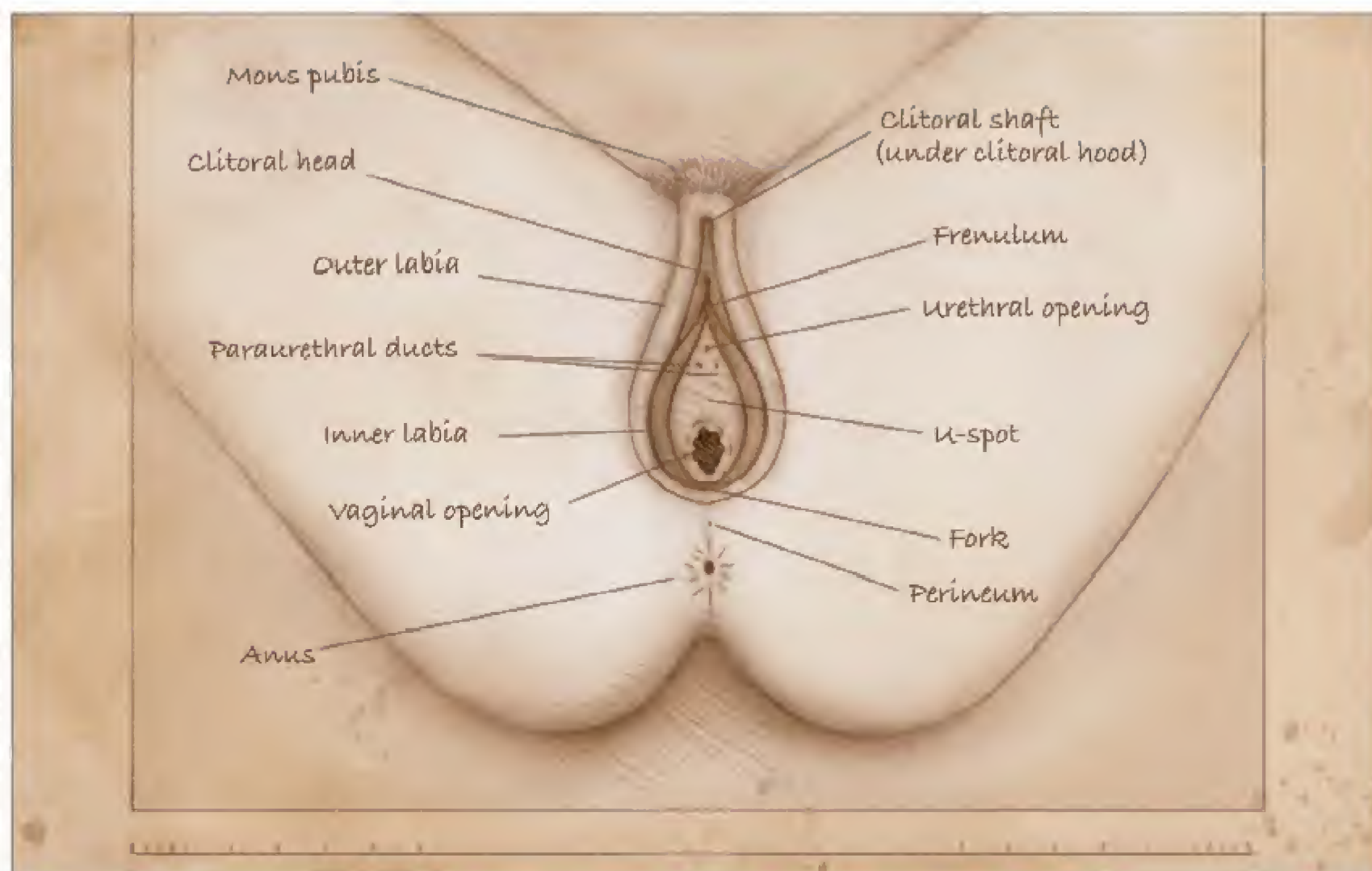
Mons Pubis: The mons or mons pubis is the area less formally known as your bikini triangle: It's the padded tissue that protects your pubic bone and would be covered in pubic hair if we weren't all such manic groomers. Some women enjoy having this area stimulated, especially if they actually have hair there that you can run your fingers through.

Vulva: The external, visible parts of the female genitalia. When people say vagina, they often actually mean vulva, as the latter

term includes not just the vaginal opening but also the inner and outer lips, the clitoral head, the urinary opening, and the mons.

Clitoris, aka the Female Penis: Contrary to popular belief, the clitoris is more than just that little nubbin you see or feel protruding near the top of the labia—that's just the tip of the iceberg. No, the clitoris is actually a complex organ of nerve-rich erectile tissue (just like the penis) extending throughout the genital area. We're talking four inches long (one inch shy of the average penis, but proportional to her body size) in the shape of a wishbone. During arousal, this tissue becomes engorged and erect, just like the penis—it's just more difficult to notice in women because most of the erection occurs internally. Another difference in erections: A woman's has a better chance of lasting long after orgasm, hence her ability to have subsequent orgasms more easily than a man. And here's a bit of trivia for your next cocktail party: The clitoris is the only organ in the human body—in either men or women—that exists solely for sexual pleasure.

Clitoral Head, Tip, or Glans: The little "handle" of the wishbone that protrudes externally at the junction where the top of the labia



connect—what most people usually think of when they think “clitoris.” Some clitoral heads extend out like an erect nipple, while shier ones hide under the hood. (The more aroused she becomes, the more retracted the clitoral head may become, as the ligament supporting it tightens with sexual tension.) One of the best ways to arouse the entire clitoris is to provide stimulation to this head/tip, not only because it’s external, but because it contains more nerve endings than any other part of the body, male or female.

Clitoral Hood: The female equivalent of foreskin: The clitoral shaft runs under it and the clitoral head sticks out of it. The hood is created by the junction of the outer edges of the inner lips meeting above the clitoral head.

Clitoral Shaft: You can often feel the short (i.e., less than an inch long) shaft of the clitoris underneath the hood as it burrows into the genitalia, first in the direction of the pubic mound before it turns sharply downward and splits into two long wishbone legs.

Clitoral Legs: The two slim prongs of the clitoral wishbone that run underneath the labia and flank either side of the urethra, the urethral sponge, and the vagina. Like the clitoral head and shaft, the legs are made of erectile tissue that stiffens during arousal.

Clitoral Bulbs: As well as the wishbone, there are two eggplant-shaped bulbs that run along the inside of the clitoral legs, beneath the inner labia and around the sides of the urethra, the urethral sponge, and the vagina. This erectile tissue also becomes engorged during arousal, puffing up even more than the legs and making the inner labia balloon.

Outer Labia or Lips, aka the Female Scrotum: Developed from the same embryonic tissue that becomes the scrotal sac in men, the outer labia are the two hairy pads of fatty tissue that pocket the inner labia, clitoral head, and the urethral and vaginal openings. While sensitive to touch, the outer labia—unlike the clitoris and the inner labia—don’t have a very rich concentration of

nerves, nor do they change in shape or color much during arousal. The outer lips, which are usually covered in pubic hair, are sometimes referred to as the labia majora, though we tend to avoid this term as it implies that the outer lips always protrude further, which is not necessarily the case.

Inner Labia or Lips: The two moist, hairless inner folds of tissue that connect at the top around the clitoral head (forming the clitoral hood and the frenulum), run along either side of the urethral and vaginal openings, and connect at the bottom just under the vagina (forming the fork). Despite what porn and labiaplasty docs might have you believe, there is great—not to mention totally normal—variation in their appearance from woman to woman: light or dark, trim or long, smooth or wrinkled, turned inward or flared outward, one side larger than the other ... And during arousal, a woman’s lips will often change in appearance, swelling and darkening from increased blood flow to the area. Due to their sensitivity and role in arousal, the inner labia are often considered an extension of the external part of the clitoris. The inner lips are sometimes referred to as the labia minora, though again we prefer not to use this term, as it’s quite common for a woman’s inner lips to protrude further than the outer lips. And given the number of nerve endings in the inner lips compared to the outer, this can be quite a good thing, so don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.

Frenulum, aka Bridle: The junction of the inner edges of the two inner lips usually just below the clitoral head, which, like a man’s frenulum, is sensitive to stimulation. It may also be considered a part of the external clitoris.

Urethra: The short, thin tube running from the bladder to the small opening between the clitoral head and the vaginal opening through which urine and, in some women, female ejaculate are eliminated.

Urethral Sponge, aka the Female Prostate: The spongy erectile tissue surrounding the length of the urethra that consists of glands, known as paraurethral glands, which produce an alkaline fluid similar to that produced by the male prostate (i.e., it’s not

One of the best ways to arouse the entire clitoris is to stimulate the head/tip. It contains more nerve endings than any other part of the body.

urine). This fluid may be expelled into and out of the urethra and then out of the paraurethral ducts in a process known as female ejaculation; this may occur in spurts, in a rush of fluid, or in such insignificant amounts as to be undetectable. The embryonic tissue that develops into the prostate gland in male fetuses develops into the urethral sponge in female fetuses.

U spot: The external area surrounding the urethral opening. Like the area right around the penis's urethral opening, this nerve-rich spot is sensitive to touch and may be an undiscovered erogenous zone for her, because you are indirectly stimulating one end of the urethral sponge (similarly, with G-spot probing, you are stimulating one side of the urethral sponge). Stimulation of the U spot is often a happy accident of nearby clitoral head and vaginal orifice stimulation. Upon arousal, it may protrude a bit and take on the appearance of an acorn top, like the external tip of a penis.

G spot: The area of the urethral sponge (or female prostate) that can be felt and stimulated through the top wall of the vagina by inserting a finger, fingers, penis, or sex toy a few inches inside and pressing up toward the navel or the back of the pubic bone. The texture of this area is often rougher and more ridged than the other, smoother vaginal walls. Some women find this stimulation incredibly pleasurable, some find it necessary for orgasm, some find it uncomfortable, a sort of painful pressure reminiscent of a urinary-tract infection.

Paraurethral Glands and Ducts: Prostatic-fluid-producing glands (usually about 30) embedded in the urethral sponge. Upon arousal, they fill with this fluid, which may, during G- or U-spot stimulation or orgasm, drain (i.e., gush, spurt, or dribble) into and then out of the urethra as well as out of the two external openings embedded in the U spot known as the paraurethral ducts (they're almost impossible to detect). This process is known as female ejaculation; depending on the size and the number of glands you've got (every woman is different), and whether you enjoy G- and U-spot stimulation, you may spurt across the room, or not even notice any extra fluid emanating from this area.

Vagina, aka Vaginal Canal or Birth Canal: The canal that runs from the cervix (the door of the uterus or womb) to the orifice between the urethra and the anus. Penises, fingers, and sex toys can go in here; it's also where menstrual blood and perhaps babies come out. The clitoral legs, clitoral bulbs, the urethral sponge, the perineal sponge, and the pelvic floor muscles all surround the lower half of the vagina—during arousal, they become engorged and erect, and then (and only then) can they be stimulated by vaginal penetration. The resulting tightening of the outer third of the vagina causes it to become sensitive to friction and pressure. (It could be argued that these other structures are what are really being stimulated during penetration, not the vagina.) This is why girth and shallow penetration are often more effective for her pleasure than length and deep pelvic thrusting, and why penetration feels best once a woman is fully aroused or perhaps even has just had an orgasm.

While the vagina is self-lubricating (the pressure of increased blood to the genitals during arousal expresses a clear fluid that's filtered from the blood through the mucous-membrane walls of the vaginal canal), don't rely on lubrication as her quintessential sign of arousal, as many factors can inhibit the natural flow of this wetness, even when she's turned on.

The vagina's fornices (fornix is singular) are the deepest


recesses of the vagina created by the extension of the cervix into the vaginal canal. The A spot (anterior fornix) and the cul-de-sac (posterior fornix), two other "vaginal hot spots," may be easier to reach and stimulate once she is fully aroused, as the uterus lifts and the back of the vagina balloons out. There's also the PS spot directly opposite the G spot (see "perineum"). However, keep in mind that other as-of-yet-unnamed hot spots may exist for her anywhere within the vaginal canal (for example, the sides of the canal), and it's a matter of experimenting with what feels right and nice. The vagina is often misconceptualized as the equivalent of the penis; while there certainly is an undeniable yin-yang factor necessary for reproductive purposes, as far as sexuality and pleasure goes, the female equivalent of the penis is the clitoris.

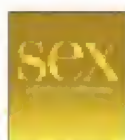
A spot, aka A zone, Anterior Fornix, AFE zone (Anterior Fornix Erotic or Erogenous zone), or T zone (for Trigone of the Urinary Bladder): There are way too many names and way too many erroneous write-ups on the Web about this particular vaginal zone. Put simply, it's the nerve-rich area deep inside the front (i.e., anterior or belly side) wall of the vagina, next to the cervix (i.e., *past* the G spot, beside, or even beyond the tip of the cervix). Think of it as stimulating one side of the bladder via the front wall of the vagina (just as you stimulate the urethral sponge via the front wall of the vagina when G spotting). It's not always easy to stimulate the A spot with typical intercourse and it's hard to reach with your own fingers, so squatting or pulling your knees up while having a partner reach for it with their finger(s) or using a G spotter (a vibrator or dildo with a curved tip) with a long shaft may be better at determining your sensitivity there. Some people, like the Malaysian doc who "discovered" this zone in the early nineties, report that stimulating this area, especially with repetitive stroking that eventually incorporates the G spot too, can help increase vaginal lubrication and orgasmic potential.

Cul-de-sac, aka Fourchette: The junction where the bottoms of the two inner labia meet, just beneath the vaginal opening.

Perineum and the Perineal Sponge (aka PS spot): The perineum is the short bridge of tissue between the vaginal opening and the anus. Just beneath it is a tightly packed tangle of blood vessels alternately known as the perineal sponge, perineal body, or PS spot. Like other erectile tissue, this mass floods upon arousal and can be sensitive to massage and pressure via the perineum, the lower wall of the vagina (opposite the G spot), or the anus.

Anus and Rectum: The rectum is the S-shaped tube that serves as the passageway for poo between the intestine and the final exit, the anus. This nerve-rich orifice—which consists of two fairly snug, ringlike sphincter muscles—is surrounded on all sides by one layer of the pelvic floor muscles, which also surround the vagina and urethra. Nearby is the sensitive perineal sponge as well. Thus, it makes sense that the anal area would respond to stimulation and can be an integral part of her genital pleasure and even orgasm.

Pelvic Floor Muscles: A series of muscles stretching from the pubic bone to the tailbone and running between, around, and beneath the various sexual structures, which, if strong and healthy, provide (a) support to these structures and other internal organs, (b) urinary and fecal continence, and (c) sexual pleasure; they contract in response to sexual stimulation, causing sexual tension, which may eventually get released during involuntary contractions of orgasm. 



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The Hooker MBA

Want to get ahead in business? Leave Robert Greene's The 48 Laws of Power to Kanye West and Young Buck and take the advice of a real pro.

By Michael Kaplan

She's a self-made, self-employed woman who earns upwards of \$400,000 a year and is an expert at selling, marketing, and pricing her product. She understands the process of limiting supply in order to generate demand, instinctively maximizes profits, and has perfected the art of mixing business with pleasure. During one memorable 24-hour period, she made \$40,000 from a trio of clients and has generated \$200,000 in revenue from a particularly devoted customer over the course of 18 months. Now, that's selling!

The person we're talking about is a Las Vegas-based call girl we'll call Anastasya, who cannily applies modern business concepts to the world's oldest profession. Here are her tips for making the most of monkey business—or, really, any business.

■ BECOME THE SOURCE

"Why would I want someone to be in touch with my clients, representing me, when I can represent myself in the best possible way? Plus, by cutting out the middleman, I make more money and reduce the potential for confusion. For example, I'll show up, and, based on what somebody else has said, a client expects me to do anal. Well, I don't do anal. So that can be a problem. Beyond that, for the gentleman's sake, the fewer hoops he has to jump through, the more natural it feels. He wants our encounter to be a girlfriend experience as opposed to a business transaction. I can make sure that he gets what he wants."

Rather than focusing on middlemen who can market or distribute your product, do it yourself. This entrepreneurial approach carries more risk and is more time-consuming, but it promises a bigger payoff. Use charm, creativity, advertising, and previously established credibility in order to build up customers who rely on the superior product or service you provide. And remember to compensate those friendly folk who help you along the way.

Anastasya has laid the groundwork for her independence by eschewing pimps and the legal brothels that spot Carson City,

Nevada. Although those places have their advantages (you won't get busted for soliciting), they take 50 percent of each girl's earnings. Anastasya has no interest in giving up that big a chunk of her profits. Indeed, she prefers to be wholesaler and retailer.

In order to generate business, Anastasya advertises in old media (the back pages of *Las Vegas Weekly*) as well as new media (Craigslis.com and TheEroticReview.com). She also relies on referrals from past customers and networks. New clients come from limo drivers, fellow working girls (in exchange for a 10- to 15-percent commission), and VIP hosts (casino employees who wrangle big gamblers and need to keep them happy). "The last time I did an all-nighter, the gentleman's host came with us and she handed me her card," says Anastasya. "Not long after, she called me for one of her high rollers. I made \$4,000 and tipped the host \$500. That's good money for everybody."

■ KNOW HOW HARD TO PUSH

"First thing I ask a gentleman is where he got my name from. That way I know if it's off of Craigslis.com or TheEroticReview.com, or somewhere else altogether. It tells me what he expects to spend. Erotic Review has a lot of information from clients who have paid me \$1,500; so somebody calling via Erotic Review already knows the price. On the other hand, if I tell somebody that the price is \$1,500 and he says it's kind of high, I suggest that we meet for a drink and figure it out. Men love meeting for drinks. If they negotiate a lower price, I try to raise it up in the hotel room. But I am flexible. If I have a regular who normally pays \$1,200, but only has \$800, and really wants to get laid, I'll do it to keep him as a client—next time, though, it will be \$1,200. Maybe in exchange for the discount, I'll get him to post a review or pay my cellphone bill."

Whether you're negotiating for a new salary or trying to convince a client that he needs to spend more, quick thinking is essential. Anastasya likes to charge \$1,500 for an unhurried hour or two of full service. But not everybody is willing to fork it over, so she's flexible ("Handjobs are \$500, titty-fucking is \$750") and



creative. During a slow week in Vegas, when the only convention in town was for low-rolling furniture-builders, she hooked up with a friend and sold girl-girl shows for small groups rather than full-on sex (which the market would not bear at her prices). "I like girls, so it was fun for me," she says. "I made at least \$400 an hour and didn't have to touch any of the guys."

That said, she presses for max payments but recognizes that it's all relative. "When somebody calls me from a cellphone, I look at the area code and get an idea as to where the gentleman lives. A guy from 415 [San Francisco] will probably be willing to spend more than a guy from 416 [Toronto]. Then I ask where he's staying and what he's in town for. If he's at the Wynn Las Vegas hotel on business, we're starting at \$1,500 and I'm selling full service."

Once Anastasya is in a client's room, with an initial price settled on, demand for her product suddenly spikes. That is when the negotiating begins in earnest: "If I'm giving a guy a blowjob, and that is all he paid for, I keep my panties on. If he wants them off, I tell him that he has to kick it up, money-wise. Then, once we've gotten to that point, if he wants to touch me, I wiggle away a little. He says that I'm a tease. I say that he needs to be more generous."

■ ALWAYS BE SELLING

"You never know when an opportunity will come up. And I am always aware of that. I have a sort of radar that keeps me conscious of the men around me. When I'm out in my regular life and a guy is staring, I'll walk over and introduce myself. No problem. It helps that I'm naturally friendly and outgoing. Let's say I am at a casino valet or a supermarket or a car wash; I start talking to a guy and he asks me what I do for a living. I tell him, 'I'm a dancer.' He asks where I dance and I say, 'Wherever you want me to.' Then the guy usually says, 'Oh, you're *that* kind of dancer?' I say, 'Yeah, I am.' I have those conversations all the time."

Whenever you make a phone call or walk out the door, you have an opportunity to sell—whether it's a product, an idea, or yourself. But before doing that, you need to find your point of differentiation. Be able to concisely explain why the people who count should pay attention to you. Just remember not to cross the fine line between being interesting and being pushy.

Anastasya has enough sex appeal that her target audience is inclined to buy. She increases the likelihood of closing the sale by handing out business cards, text messaging 1,000 or so regular customers with some variation of "Good morning, honey," and always dressing in a manner that accentuates her best assets—whether she's gambling on the Strip or shopping in the supermarket.

Additionally, she regularly embarks on marketing expeditions that exist for the sole purpose of stirring up new business. She goes to Tryst nightclub at Wynn on Thursdays (it's the hot night there and helps her get booked for the weekend), covers the local market by cruising *Monday Night Football* at the Palms, and rarely misses a high-profile boxing match. "Guys hit on me all the time, and my goal is to turn every one of them into clients," she says. "Some women see an older gentleman staring and they say, 'Eeeew.' My response is, 'Ooooh, that guy wants to give me money. Maybe I should go over and buy him a drink.'"

■ MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

"Anything that takes care of financial responsibility for me is payment. If a gentleman wants to post money to my Victoria's Secret account, I'll take that. Other times I take Visa gift cards [that high rollers get as gifts] from the casinos. Sometimes you do better that way. When clients pay me in cash, it can limit my upside. On the occasion when a guy wants to take me to Gucci or Ferragamo, I know I'll get more than what he'd have paid me in cash. Some guys don't want to pay outright. They claim that they don't pay



"I maintain spreadsheets on everybody's likes and dislikes and fantasies. I may not know a client's birthday, but I know if he enjoys it when I rub his balls."

for sex, so this is a way around that. A lot of men like the idea of being seen walking around with me, spending a lot of money. And if a guy's not comfortable going to Gucci, I say, 'Okay, let's go to Best Buy and get a flat-screen.' Every guy is willing to do something. You just need to be creative about what that thing is."

Big fat checks are nice, but cash is not the only form of remuneration. Supplementing your income with barter can be lucrative and life-enhancing. This form of payment is popular enough that companies such as YouExchange.com and BarterItOnline.com exist for the sole purpose of bringing together different businesses.

Anastasya happily barter for anything and everything. Thus far she's managed to swap sex for a \$3,000 Loro Piana handbag, loads of designer clothing, and a 550 Mercedes-Benz. (When she told a smitten client that she needed a car, he gave her his nearly new Benz; she sold it for \$70,000.) Guys have paid her college loan and taken her shopping. But, she warns, if you're in a particularly appealing business, price the goods you offer at wholesale. "An executive from 7 Jeans gives me \$1,000 worth of pants, and I knock \$500 off the price of service," she says. "I refuse to value it at full retail. After all, the guy got the merchandise for free."

■ CALCULATE RISK, CURTAIL VOLATILITY

"Hell yeah, there is risk. The number-one risk is the police. I try to cut that out by picking the gentleman rather than letting him pick me. Vice comes right up to you and tries to get you to go upstairs immediately. They don't waste any time. They're often nasty right from the start. They want to get you saying as much as they can, so I generally talk about money as little as possible. I don't like talking about how I can use my mouth to put a condom onto a guy's penis. Gentlemen act like gentlemen. Vice cops do not. They usually dress in no-name jeans and untucked button-down shirts; they immediately offer \$1,000 to do it in the ass. To me, that does not sound very safe."

It is virtually impossible to be in any kind of moneymaking enterprise without taking on a certain amount of risk. This is true whether you're an attorney working for a piece of the settlement





or a banker negotiating loans or a pipe fitter who needs to assess the downside of a shortcut compared to the hours it will save. One key to being successful is to be able to quantify risks, figure out the ones that are worth taking, and think through the negatives before taking chances.

In Anastasya's case, her risks are not financial so much as they involve time consumption, wear and tear on her body, and the ever-looming prospect of getting busted. Like a lot of smart businesspeople, she recognizes the worth of sacrificing profit to reduce risk. "I'd rather do one all-night session for \$2,500 than take a shot at four one-hour sessions for \$1,500 each." After all, she explains, every time she steps in an elevator, she has the potential to rankle casino security; whenever she meets with a new client, there is a chance that he will be an undercover cop. On a purely mathematical level, she reduces volatility by giving up a chunk of potential profit over the course of a given night.

As a side benefit of playing it safe, overnight customers are more likely to become repeat customers (integral for success in any field). And that, too, takes some of the gamble out of Anastasya's work; she knows that a repeat customer is not a cop and he will probably buy an extended session, which translates into more money.


Recognizing the value of regulars—and grateful for the safety they provide—she keeps favored clients happy by throwing in special treats: "Sometimes I'll surprise a gentleman by bringing along a second girl. He doesn't ask for her and he doesn't pay for her. I pay the girl out of my money. I can be very personable. I maintain spreadsheets on everybody's likes and dislikes and fantasies. I may not know a client's birthday, but I know if he enjoys it when I rub his balls."

■ FOLLOW THE CASH

"You have to respect the seasonality and economies of various places. I find out from clients about award shows and conventions in other cities where the right kinds of men will be present. Anywhere there is a huge swarm of men, that is where I want to be. Staying in Vegas all the time is no way to leverage profits. During summers in Vegas, I'd spend a lot of time fucking locals and charging them less. I do a lot better in the Hamptons or Saint-Tropez."

Devote your business life to selling snow shovels and the market is obvious. Opt for something more dynamic, however, and your profit center keeps changing. Smart people track markets and analyze information to find locales with new, untapped opportunities.

It can be as simple as keeping up on parallel businesses that are suddenly thriving in certain areas. One trick here is to establish trusted sources who can clue you in on the information before your competitors have it. Anastasya does this by cozying up to taxi drivers who provide her with copies of tip sheets, put together by the Las Vegas Visitors Bureau, that reveal casinos where conventions are being held (so that drivers know where they'll be needed). She also maintains hotel-based sources who keep her abreast of occupancy percentages; after all, the busier a casino is, the likelier she will be to find customers there.

When things really slow down, Anastasya does what every smart businessperson does: She seeks fresh territories—often with the help of a call-girl network she has cultivated. In her case, the hot spot is usually Miami, San Diego, or Dallas ("Dallas is ridiculous," she says. "I make 60 grand there in six weeks, but I don't really like the city"). She hits Hawaii for the Pro Bowl, goes wherever the NBA All-Star Game happens to be, and touches down in Indianapolis during Biker Week. Still, there's no place like home: "The Professional Bull Riders Championship in Vegas is the best. Cowboys are fun, they're not cheap, and they love big-titted girls." 

georgia rules

Just when we thought summer couldn't get any hotter, 20-year-old Southern belle Georgia Jones takes us for a sweaty, sandy, sexy day at the beach.

Photographs by Josh Ryan









"I'm a good girl most of the time, but I have a fetish for exhibitionism. I'm totally in love with taking my clothes off. I have no shame!"

"From the moment I lay eyes on a guy, it takes me about two seconds to decide if I want to fuck him. If I agree to a date, he can rest assured that he's going to get laid."








"Once, I was house-sitting at a friend's mansion and threw a huge party. I tied another girl to a bedpost and made her come while all the guests watched. What can I say? I know how to throw a party."









"I could commit to one guy—
if he turns me on to things
I've never experienced. But
there's not much I haven't
done, so he'd better be really
adventurous!"

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The Art of Point Blank

Trouble meeting women?

Try this fail-safe method that doesn't involve you acting like a dick.

By Russ Meneve • Illustrations by Celia Calle

There are very few things in life that surprise me, but one that does is the inability of men to take risks, even on the smallest levels. I can't tell you how many guys I know who are utterly frustrated by their inability to meet women. But there's a reason these guys aren't meeting women: *They don't even try.* Even you, reading this article. I'm willing to bet that recently, in a supermarket, on a bus, or in a restaurant, you saw a girl who was just so perfect—the exact look you like, the body you dream about. What did you do? It's okay—I know what you did. It's what you do every time. *Nothing.* She paid for her coffee and walked out, and you'll never see her again.

Don't feel bad, it's happened to all of us. Wait, I take that back. *Feel terrible.* You should feel terrible about it—as horrible as possible—because that's the first step to stopping this pattern. Life is short, my friend, and youth is even shorter. And you better forget about some mystical being or divine fate guiding you to your perfect soul mate, because it ain't happenin'. Even if it did, is she really the right girl just because she was easy to meet? If you ran a company, would you want to interview 20 candidates for a job opening, or one?

What I'm about to tell you is going to make you a thousand times happier, remove a lot of the pressure from the situation, and, most important, help you meet women with a fail-safe method. And this is not *The Game*: I understand that the concept of how to approach women has been beaten to death, with Neil Strauss's best-selling book and VH1's "The Pick-up Artist" leading the way. Strauss certainly offers some effective tips if you're looking to bang as many women as possible by being someone you're not. I have no problem with this. We all have that sex demon lurking within us that, let's face it, needs to be fed. It's a need that, sometimes, we must satisfy with a little "looking the other way" of our own conscience.

This isn't about that. This is about a straight, courageous, and *real* effort to meet women. Unless you look like George Clooney, they're not going to approach *you*—you need to make the leap, and bear all of the risk. Though, really, *risk* is not the right word, since, in the grand scheme of things, this is peanuts, and doesn't involve much risk at all. It's really something only a complete pussy couldn't handle. So you can handle it, right?

Okay, here we go.

■ METHOD AND MIND-SET

The method itself is simple: You see someone you like, you don't see a ring, you go in. (Bear in mind I'm not talking about a bar. All bets are off in a bar, because alcohol greases the skids, and hooking up is an implied agenda for the evening. I'm talking about a cold call in ordinary, everyday life.) Guys talk a big game, especially amongst themselves, but do you realize how few of them have the nerve to take this simple step? That means that you have almost no competition from the opening gun.

Much of a man's attraction revolves around his power and confidence. What's more powerful and confident than fearlessly approaching a woman in public and laughing in the face of a potentially embarrassing rejection? But how about I eliminate any potential for error and all risk of embarrassment (for you or her)?

■ WHAT DO I SAY?

Before we get to that, there's one essential piece of equipment you must have: a business card with your contact information. You must have it on you *at all times*. One sure thing is that when you run into that little hottie of your dreams, it'll be in some strange place you never expected. You must always be ready to kick into gear. A little five-cent card will say that you're a person with a respectable life and not someone who's going to dress up like his mother and stab her in the shower.

Second thing to keep in mind: Leave no room to fuck up.

Let's just set up the typical situation you'll be facing. It's going to be a public place and a single girl, alone. I mention this because approaching a large group (containing the girl) is an advanced move; if you're still reading this, you're probably not ready for it. The Point Blank is most effective in a one-on-one scenario. So, let's use the coffee shop as an example. Thanks to a certain company that rhymes with Harbucks, they're everywhere, and often populated with attractive women. But the technique can work in just about any public place.

Okay, so you walk into the coffee shop and see a girl who is definitely your type. Take a moment to assess how you look. If you're well below your comfort level and look awful, then maybe—ah, fuck it, go in anyway. You're never going to see her again, trust me. As you walk over, use every molecule in your body to radiate calm, gentleness, and good faith, no matter how jacked up you may



feel. Keep in mind that there's a fine line between "cool dude with the stones to approach me" and "creepy weirdo." Relax and do your best to come across like a regular dude. One who is gallant and romantic enough to make this against-the-odds move to win her attention, that is.

Once you're near her, simply say "Excuse me ..." to get her attention. As she looks up, fade back just slightly so you don't appear threatening—or bat-shit insane—and finish the line, "...are you single, by chance?"

■ THAT'S IT?

Yep. Do it as naturally and matter-of-factly as you can, but *that is it*. Your work is 95 percent finished. You might be surprised, but for whatever reason, the body language of fading back combined with speaking in an open and welcoming way puts her at ease.

It's all about the subtleties. It's also about brevity. We've all attempted a lengthy and witty line that played out perfectly in our heads, but spun out of control when delivered, turning us into a stammering idiot. This way's much more effective, trust me. Cuts right to the chase, but in a non-threatening way.

It's also a helluva lot better than the all-too-common, yellow-bellied technique of making ambiguous small talk, leaving the girl with the option of believing that she's not being hit on. Something like "Is that the half-and-half there?" usually ends with "Yes it is."

After that type of exchange, the guy feels like he actually went for it. Luckily, he can go home and play with his own vagina.

"Are you single, by chance?" communicates everything in one easily delivered line. Unless you've been snacking on paint chips for the past year, you should be able to get it out clearly.

■ NOW WHAT?

The human brain is quite the machine. Hers will instantly download a massive amount of information about you just by the way you look, dress, move, and enunciate your words. You just have to let it happen. Sit back for a split second, and wait for your answer. If she finds you attractive and you pulled off the approach properly, she will say something like, "I am, actually." *Sold*.

Now watch your airspeed and ease up on the controls. Introduce yourself, say you're on your way to meet friends, but does she have a card, or can you get her number and maybe get together for a drink? Make sure you ask this. It's polite and she will definitely say yes. I stress the importance of getting the contact information and leaving. Your work is finished. You *will* be seeing her again.

In sales, it's important to know when to shut up. You just sold it; don't buy it back. Go have a great night and feel good about your future date.

■ WHAT IF THE ANSWER IS NO?

This is the beauty part of the Point Blank. It eliminates potential embarrassment for both of you by giving her the option of saying she's *not* single. She's not saying she *wouldn't*; she's saying she *can't*. If she says this, simply hand her your contact info and say, "A man can hope. Can I give you this anyway, just in case?"

She will take it. And there is still a chance she's going to contact you at some point for several reasons. One, she could have just said that she wasn't single reflexively, because she was thrown off guard by being Point Blanked. Like I said, not many other men are doing it, so few women are prepared for it. But once she's had some time to think about it, who knows? She might call the next day. Two, she really may have a boyfriend. Even then, you still might get a call from her at some point. Either they break up or it's on the rocks or she's a cheater, or whatever. Just give her the card, move on, and hope for the best.



The Point Blank communicates everything in one easily delivered line. Unless you've been snacking on paint chips, you should be able to get it out.

■ LIFE IS ALL ABOUT TIMING

When *timing* your approach for the Point Blank, make sure you leave yourself an out. Meaning, don't make your move until *after* you've got your coffee. The last thing you want is to execute this and then have to stand with her, waiting for what will now seem like an eternity for your double latte. I've done this, and it's brutal—especially if she's not interested at all and there's a small audience of fellow customers watching you marinate in your moment of failure. Be sure to time it for a graceful exit.

■ UPSIDE > DOWNSIDE

In addition to the beautiful simplicity of the Point Blank, there's the negligible downside. What's the worst that can happen? She says she's not single? It's not even a direct rejection. That's the worst. And the best? Well, remember, it's a lonely world out there and people are looking for love. Attack this situation guilt-free, knowing that you're contributing to one of the few enjoyable things we have in this world, meeting someone who gives you that amazing feeling of infatuation and passion.

■ DON'T SWEAT IT, AND DON'T REGRET IT

I wouldn't have written this if I hadn't benefited from the technique immensely and watched my friends benefit from it. Keep in mind that it's a numbers game. The more you put into it, the more you'll get out of it. And remember, he who hesitates is lost. You'll never see her again, so take your shot. *OH*

Russ Meneve is a stand-up comic from New York City. He has appeared on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*, *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, and *Last Call With Carson Daly*.



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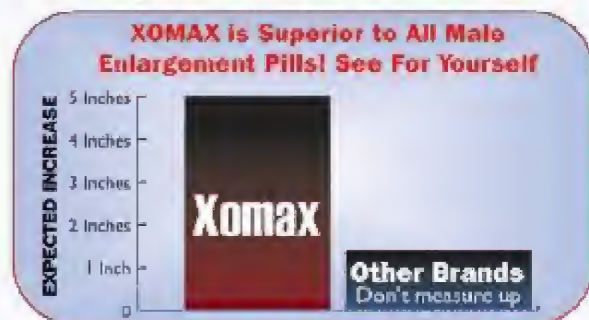
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BEAUTIFUL DREAMERS

*Penthouse
Dream Machine*

The melding of dreams and reality is a popular sci-fi plot device that gets an unexpected twist in Bud Lee's latest. The show opens with Charmane Star in the woods with James Deen, who laps at her cleft before fucking it in several positions (their reverse cowgirl best shows off her tight little body) and drizzling his come on her beautiful tits. Risi Simms's fans will find *their* dreams have come true. Her first (and creepiest) scene starts off with a very sexy solo masturbation bit, nicely paced and cleverly edited to include fantasy footage in which she sees Star and Deen. Next, she couples with Lexi Belle in a diner that finds the pair devouring a different, no doubt more enjoyable, type of pie. Her third appearance is in a boy-girl combo; the scene's main appeal lies in Simms's understated nastiness while getting a serious pronging. In this scene's climax, the plotlines all come together in an odd and unsettling resolution that plays off its flick's original dramatic conceit. Worth it, if you make it to the end.

Top left: Risi Simms and
Marcus London. Top right:
Charmane Star and James
Deen. Right: Lexi Belle





POLE LOTTA LOVE

Penthouse Stripped Bare

Who hasn't gone bat-shit crazy over a stripper at least once in his life? Thought so. But if you're reading this, you're better off than ad man Billy (Marcus London), who blows his brains out in the disc's first few seconds. Then we find out why: a lithe and lean dancer named Aubrey (Brooke Banner), whose dangerous curves led him down the road to destruction. It's a toss-up as to which of Banner's two scenes is best. Her coupling with London is a smoker, the definite attraction between them taking it to great erotic heights. Her scene with Niko Noir is more primal, if a bit more in the porno mold. Jezebel Bond and Audrey Hollander contribute a sexy girl-girler in their roles as Aubrey's roommates. (Because all strippers live in the same house. Right.) While the brunette and the incendiary redhead can both steal a scene when given the chance, their purpose here is strictly sexual. They don't chew the scenery as much as they chew each other, serving up plenty of snatch-lapping and finger play. Throw in the great pairing of Samantha Sin and James Deen and you have a winner—not so much dark horse as just plain dark.



PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Penthouse Variations Flesh Desires

Director Skye Blue is one of fetish film's heavy hitters (pun intended), and you'll know why after you watch this collection of *Variations* reader submissions (ditto). First off, we applaud Blue's use of Aiden Starr, a kinky little confection with one of the best racks in smut. While Star is certainly expert at the vanilla side of the hard-core business, she's plainly at home with bondage and discipline, too. Her ability to suck dick like a dream is the icing on, well, her face. Speaking of which, if your taste for smut extends to the use of food as a sex toy, saucy Rebeca Linares more than takes the cake—she smears it all over her delicious body, along with strawberries, whipped cream, and a serving of boy batter from Van Damage. Adventurous viewers should check out the more daring scenes, which deal with light transvestism in the guise of panty worship and boot-licking. The bonus scene is a winner as well, featuring spicy Spaniard Roxy DeVille in a clip from the *Variations* flick *Strange Dreams*. **+**

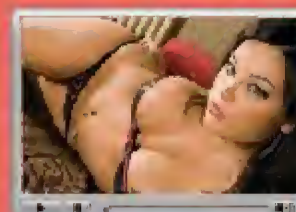
Top left: Samantha Sin and Deen. Top right: Rebeca Linares atop Cheyne Collins

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Photographs by Josh Ryan



















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Fit for a King

When making love, how you make her feel is much more important than your size. This position guide will help both of you get in the groove.

By Victoria Zdok, Ph.D.

Judging by your letters to me, men are continually preoccupied with their penises—their size, shape, and rigidity. As I have stressed before, most women are quite happy with an average penis, and many will be satisfied with a smaller one, as long as it is attached to an attentive and caring lover. Many women prefer shallow penetration to deep thrusts because the most sensitive area of a vagina is located near its entrance. However, while size does not matter much, the fit does, and some partners simply match better than others.

BIG PENIS (LARGER THAN SEVEN INCHES WHEN ERECT)

If you're huge, your best bet is side-lying sex. Try a position called the pretzel. Have her lie on her back as you lie next to her on your side with one of your legs between hers. She should throw her top leg over your hip and extend the other. Once you're inside her, from your side, roll on top of her and back, thrusting with each roll. This works well for bigger penises because you will not have a full range of thrusting motion.

A woman-on-top position, or cowgirl, is also great for larger penises because she can control the depth of penetration. Plus, she does all the work while you lie back and enjoy!

AVERAGE TO BIG PENIS (FIVE TO SEVEN INCHES ERECT)

In the reverse cowgirl, she faces your feet and lowers herself on top of you. This allows her to control how deeply you penetrate her while giving you a great view of her ass. This isn't the best position for clitoral stimulation, so put your hands to work.

The good ol' missionary position is usually pleasurable for average-size parties, but if she complains that you are too big, or if she needs clitoral stimulation to achieve orgasm, you can also perform a coital-alignment technique, whereby you move upward along her body so that the base of your penis stimulates her clitoris. Your penetration will be shallow as you will be "riding higher in the saddle" and rocking rather than thrusting.

AVERAGE TO SMALL PENIS (THREE TO FIVE INCHES ERECT)

Try a modified missionary with her legs raised all the way and her hips propped up with a pillow. Tilting her pelvis up allows you to thrust deeper and makes her G spot and clitoris more accessible for stimulation. To achieve this, have her lie on her back, then raise her legs up and rest them against your chest, or slide a pillow under her buttocks and hook her knees over your shoulders.

To make getting in this position easier, invest in a foam wedge from Liberator.com, or use a yoga wedge. You can achieve deep penetration this way, and if she crosses her ankles, it'll tighten her vaginal canal, enhancing your pleasure.



If you're huge, try side-lying sex.... A curved penis might be more pleasurable to a woman.

SMALL PENIS (LESS THAN THREE INCHES ERECT)

Doggie-style is best for maximizing her pleasure. Aim to hit her frontal vaginal wall to stimulate her G spot. She can help you vary the angle of penetration and friction by arching her back, leaning forward, or squeezing her thighs together.

The downward-doggie variation involves her lying facedown with her legs open. You lie facedown on top of her, propping yourself up with your arms for a greater range of motion. This position allows for lots of penetration and friction for both of you, and she can stimulate her clitoris against the bed.

If you're really small, you're a prime candidate for anal intercourse, and she is much more likely to agree to deep-throat you—yes, being small does have its advantages!

SLIM PENIS

If your penis is very thin, you may not feel sufficient stimulation, particularly with women who have given birth vaginally. To tighten the fit, start having sex in the missionary position,



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then raise one of her legs and move it to the side, which will make her tighter. If she crosses her ankles while you're inside her, that will also make her tighter.

Or lie on your back and have her sit on you backward so that her legs are stretched forward and crossed over your legs. You can manipulate her motion by grabbing her hips while she uses her hands to support herself. You also should try thrusting in a circular motion to make sure you're hitting all the right spots inside her.

CURVED PENIS

While many men are upset or embarrassed by a curve in their penis, a curved penis can actually be more pleasurable to a woman than a straight one would be. The curved penis can stimulate her G spot, which is located in the front wall of the vagina. If your penis curves up, you're able to stimulate her G spot in a missionary position without elevating her hips. If your curve is very dramatic, or if she does not enjoy G-spot stimulation, try raising your buttocks for a straighter penetration angle.

If you have a downward curve to your penis, have her face away from you in doggie-style or reverse-cowgirl position. Similarly, if your penis bends to the side, try side-lying positions until you find the angle that works for both of you.



Ask Dr. Z

Desperate Husband

My wife is a successful professional and a wonderful mother to our two kids, and she also loves to cook and keep our house in immaculate condition. All of this is great, but she seldom has any time for sex during the day, and at night she is always exhausted. How can I get her to be more interested in sex when we both finally hit the sack?

Many guys mistakenly think that women are just like men, i.e., that they can work all day, watch a ball game, down a six-pack, and then be ready for intercourse as soon as the lights go off. However, unlike the male sex drive, which is spontaneous, female desire is more receptive in nature—which means it requires some priming. Get her in the mood for sex by keeping it in her mind throughout the day: Leave her sexy voice messages and e-mails, whisper sweet nothings in her ear, and hug and kiss her whenever you get a chance. A little kiss on the back of her neck while she is stirring the soup may keep her stirred up until bedtime!

Be sure to tell her how sexy she looks and what you would like to do to her—using your own private slang if the kids are around. Talking about sex while you're in the kitchen or dining room is like having sex in public places—it spices up the atmosphere and builds her anticipation.

If you sense she is really tired, draw her a bubble bath or offer to give her a massage before bed. Tell her you wanted to ravish her while she was making dinner or vacuuming the house but you held off, knowing that she wanted to finish the chore. You can even tell her that you got so hard while watching her that you couldn't help fondling your dick and thinking about making love to her.


If you are too lazy to tend to her libido's needs, hire a nanny and a housekeeper so your wife can save most of her energy for sex!

What NOT to Ask Dr. Z!

I've been noticing yellow discharge from my penis for the past few weeks. It also hurts when I pee. The weird thing is that it's been six months since I hooked up with a girl. What could it be, and is it contagious?

Let me warn all my readers: If there is anything physically wrong with you, do not write me. Fight the urge to engage in denial and procrastination and immediately see your doctor!

Your symptoms sound like you might have either chlamydia or gonorrhea, or both (with chlamydia being three times more common than gonorrhea). Both types of bacteria can lie dormant in the body, which would explain your lack of symptoms during the six months since your last hookup. Both conditions are highly contagious—and gonorrhea can be transmitted through oral sex, often causing a sore throat. Both conditions are diagnosed by collecting culture samples (either with a urine test or through insertion of a cotton swab into the urethra) and are treated with antibiotics.

Although you may cringe at the thought of a urologist sticking something in your penis, bad things will happen if these STDs are left untreated. For example, scar tissue can form inside the urethra, creating obstruction and sometimes scarring of the testicles, and ultimately infertility. The consequences of delay are not worth risking, so at the first sign of unusual discharge or pain during urination, see your doctor immediately! And, yes, you must notify your past sexual partners if you are diagnosed with an STD. 

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE!) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10121.



PARTNERS IN CRIME

Ever since I met my girlfriend Tanya, my sex life has been one long, wild ride after another. For example, one Saturday night we made a snack run to the grocery store. It was a spur-of-the-moment thing, so we just threw on what was handy. Neither of us bothered to put on any underwear since the store was just a few blocks away, but Tanya had on a short skirt, so I knew she had something planned—but even if she didn't, I did.

Once we were in the store, I went toward the produce, selected a small cucumber, and dared Tanya to stuff it in her pussy, or dinner for the next five Fridays would be on her.

Tanya gave me a grin that told me I'd already lost the bet. Then she walked to the restroom with the cucumber and disappeared inside. When she came back out, she placed my hand between her legs so I could feel the cucumber wedged in her snatch. Can you say "instant hard-on"? Just thinking about her walking around the store holding that cucumber inside her pussy was enough to give me a permanent limp. To make matters worse, she kept bending over to give me a glimpse of it. By the time we got to the checkout

Tanya winked and bent over the desk. Jack flipped up her skirt and thrust into her with long hard strokes.

line, I was about to bust a nut.

We were almost to the door when the store manager—Jack, according to his name tag—stopped us and asked if we would mind coming into his office. Of course we agreed, but I couldn't help thinking that perhaps the game had gone too far. Both of us have jobs that require security clearances, and the last thing we wanted was to lose those clearances over a 50-cent cucumber.

When we entered the office, Jack closed and locked the door, then asked Tanya what she'd done with the cucumber she took into the bathroom. Tanya could have said she'd left it in the restroom or eaten it, but she just shrugged, pulled up her skirt, and opened her legs. Without waiting for a reaction, Tanya pulled the vegetable from her cunt and placed it in her mouth. Between licks she said sweetly, "I'm really sorry, but when nature calls, I answer."

I'll never forget the look on Jack's face as he rose from his desk and said, "Well, since you didn't actually leave the store, perhaps we can overlook the incident, but I'll have to make sure you're not concealing any more merchandise."

Tanya spread her legs while Jack stuck his fingers in her cunt, supposedly searching for nonexistent produce. She looked over at me, smiled, and began moaning while Jack diddled her. She was having the time of her life and had every intention of exploiting the situation. She unzipped Jack's pants, pulled out his dick, and stroked him a few times until he began to moan. Then she pushed him back on the desk and started sucking his cock. Tanya never ceases to amaze me. She's always ready to take things to the extreme—but that's what I love about her. Just watching her give this guy head had my dick straining against my shorts.

From the look on Jack's face, it was obvious he was enjoying his good fortune, but apparently he wanted more than just a quick blowjob—within seconds he was begging her to let him fuck her. He didn't give me a second thought. Tanya winked at me, bent over the desk, and waited for Jack to fuck her. Jack moved behind her, flipped up her skirt, and thrust into her, fucking her with long, hard strokes. He even spanked her ass a



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couple of times, telling her she was a bad girl for stealing.

The sound of the two of them fucking was incredible. I had to get in on the fun before it was all over. I unzipped my pants and maneuvered my way in front of Tanya. I pulled out my cock and Tanya took me in her mouth while Jack held on to her waist and continued pumping her from behind. The harder Jack fucked her, the deeper Tanya sucked my dick, until she moaned that she was coming and wanted all of us to come. With Jack thrusting deep into her and my fingers rubbing her clit, Tanya had an incredible orgasm, leaning on me for support. Then she deep-throated me one last time and it was all over as I erupted, filling her mouth with my cream as Jack filled her pussy with his.

Jack pulled out, leaving a trail of come on Tanya's thighs. He pulled some wipes from his desk and handed a few to Tanya. Then he handed Tanya the cucumber and told us we were welcome in the store any time, but especially on Saturday nights—from 11 to two!—*H.P., New York*

BI THE WAY

It was time to party, and I was more than ready. I pulled up the white thigh-highs and slid my toes into silver slingbacks. I threw on a short trench coat over my leather skirt and shimmery tank top, grabbed my bag, and did a quick check—lipstick, cigarettes, and cash. Yes, I was ready.

When the cabdriver dropped me off at the club, he asked if I needed company. I just winked and told him I was looking for some female company. His eyes grew wide, but he wore a big grin when he said he would swing around in a few hours to see if I needed a ride home.

After a few drinks and a couple of cigarettes, I started chatting up a dark-haired Hispanic woman. It didn't take long to find out we were both looking for the same thing, so we didn't waste time conversing. There were several comments and sighs as we walked past the bar, holding hands and swinging our hips. One guy stood up and whispered in my ear, "Want some company?"

I blew him a kiss and said, "Maybe tomorrow—we'll call you."

Bianca laughed as she pulled me out the door and said, "You're such a



tease." We were both laughing as we climbed into the back of the cab—I wasn't surprised to see the cabbie who'd dropped me off behind the wheel. He adjusted the rearview mirror to watch us kissing and could barely keep his eyes on the road. Bianca's lips were soft and gentle, but her tongue aggressively explored my mouth. She kissed my neck, stroked my breasts, and pinched my nipples. I slid my hand up her thigh and under her skirt, finding her hot and slick. She pouted when I took away my hand, so I whispered that she'd have to wait. By the time we pulled up to my place, we'd given the driver quite a show and a big tip, and he drove off quite happy and horny.

I led Bianca to the bedroom and lit a few candles for atmosphere. When I turned around, she was on the bed

in her bra and thong, playing with her nipples. I took off my skirt, top, and shoes, and lay down next to her. Then I reached over and kissed her neck while cupping her breast in my hand. Her nipples were hard enough to feel through the satin, demanding attention. I licked them both through the fabric, then smiled as Bianca moaned and slid under me.

We kissed long and slow, peeling off bras, stockings, and thongs, sliding around and continuing to lick and suck each other's skin as we moved. I kissed down her belly to her mound and stroked her thighs. Her hips came up to meet my mouth and the heat of her pussy was against my tongue. She was smooth, sweet, and soft.

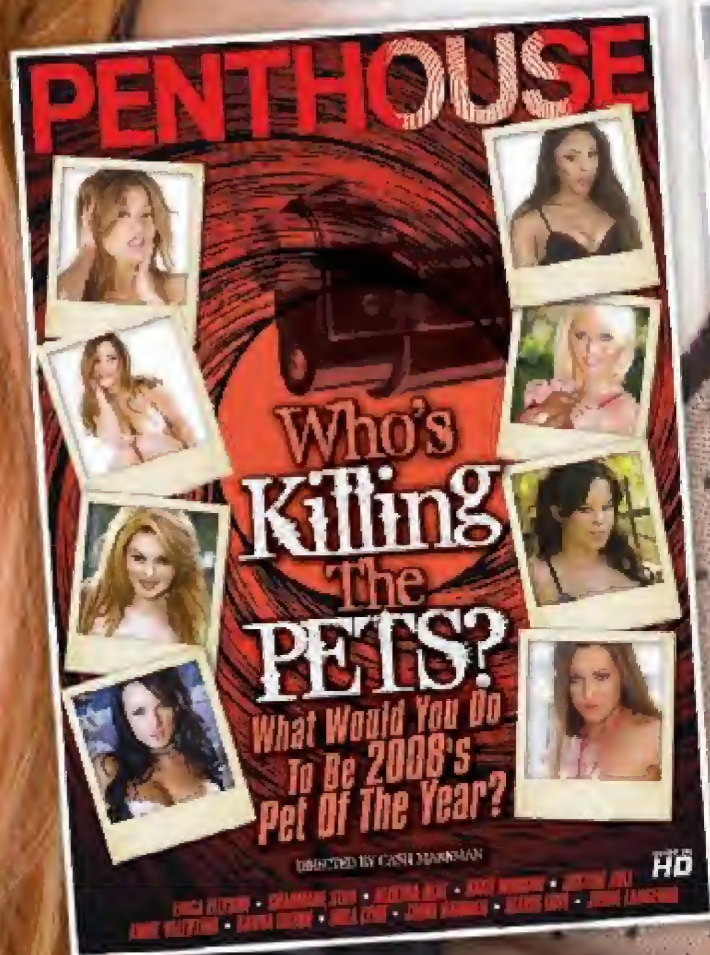
When I slid two fingers into her, she rode along with the slow rhythm of my hand and lips. My nipples rubbed against the sheets and my pussy throbbed to the same beat. Suddenly, Bianca arched her back, pulled on her nipples, and exploded in my mouth, rocking her hips and

Just a few hot licks from her skillful tongue had me on the verge of coming, but she chose to keep me teetering on the edge.

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moaning as her tremors subsided.

I couldn't wait for her to come. I lay down beside her, closed my eyes, and stroked my pussy. But when I opened my eyes, I saw my boyfriend standing just outside the doorway, stroking his cock. At first, I wanted to get up and shut the door, but then I thought, *What better way for him to learn that I like variety?*

"It looks like we have company," I said to Bianca, but I knew John was close enough to hear me.

John quickly turned to leave, but we invited him to join us. He looked uncertain about his role—until Bianca called him over and took his cock in her mouth. When he was good and hard, she rolled over and lowered her mouth to my pussy. Just a few hot licks from her skillful tongue had me on the verge of coming, but she chose to keep me teetering on the edge—licking briefly before pulling away, then licking me again. Finally, she placed her lips on me, moving her tongue over my swollen clit. I was almost there when she stopped again, this time to rub her nipples against my slit until they were slick with my wetness. Then she moved over me and stuck one nipple in my mouth for me to suck on while she pinched mine. I was going crazy.

After a minute, she slid back down my body, slipping her tongue over my pierced nipples, nibbling and pulling at the barbells. She teased her way back down to my pussy. Her ass was in the air and suddenly I felt a strong push and her hot breath poured over my clit. John was fucking her from behind. The pace quickened and I arched up to meet her mouth again and again. We performed together like a well-rehearsed trio until I came. Bianca's mouth never left my pussy and I couldn't stop coming. John groaned loudly as he exploded while Bianca cried out and shuddered with her own orgasm.

Bianca kissed me, then reached over and enveloped John in a long, slow kiss. Together we cleaned off John's cock. I crawled up, brushing my nipples against his chest and slowly rubbing my pussy over his spent cock. I whispered in his ear, "Next time, it's my turn."

Bianca heard me and let out a sexy laugh, then whispered, "I hope I'm invited, too."—S.L., Maine



TIME WELL SPENT

I've been married for a few years and have always taken a pass on any opportunity to have sex with another woman, until my wife and I began having marital problems. After we agreed to take a two-week time-out, I chose to stay at my friend Tommy's beach house. Another friend of his was staying there, too, but he said it wouldn't be a problem and we wouldn't see much of each other.

I arrived late in the afternoon, dropped my bags, and headed to the deck. I took one look at the gorgeous woman sunbathing in the nude and said to myself, "Oh, fuck me!" My welcome committee went by the name of Sal. She was tanned, shapely, and very friendly. The first thing Sal did was offer me a beer from the cooler. Never had I needed a drink so badly. How was I going to work out any issues with Sal around? I was married—not dead!

I took the beer and was amazed that Sal continued to sunbathe naked without giving me a second thought. She told me to make myself comfortable, and asked if I was hungry. Hungry? Well, I was, but not in

the way she meant. Thank God I was wearing sunglasses; I couldn't take my eyes off her. My wife is gorgeous, but being in a secluded place with a strange but beautiful naked woman was a first. If she planned to walk around nude the entire time, I'd be throwing wood 24/7.

Sal had bought a couple of pizzas when she heard I was coming. She was really sweet and sexy, and I couldn't help but wonder if she was coming on to me. I also wondered if Tommy had set the whole thing up. It was the kind of prank he'd play.

When the sun began to set, Sal grabbed her towel and went inside to heat up the pizza. I followed behind with the cooler.

We ate pizza and drank beer and she told me all about herself, although I hadn't asked. Then she said Tommy told her why he'd offered me the place, and she said she also was on a "relationship break," but would be leaving in the morning. Then she grabbed another beer and headed upstairs to the bedroom, but not before smiling and telling me to come up later if I wanted to talk.

I drank another beer and thought about *talking* with Sal. After getting my courage up—my dick was already up—I climbed the stairs and knocked

I lay down next to her, cupped her breasts, and slid one leg between hers, feeling her wet heat.

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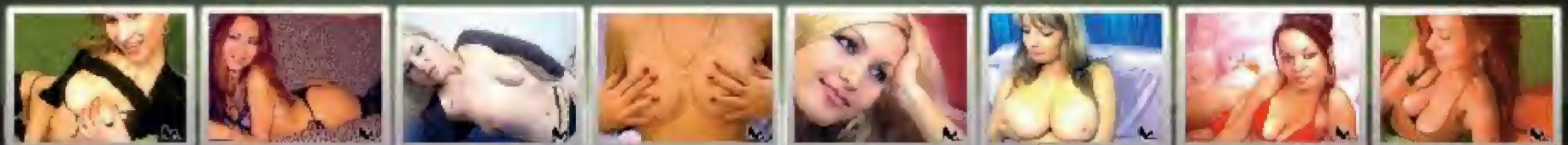
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softly on her door. Hearing a soft moan, I considered that permission enough to enter. I found her on the bed with her long hair spread on the pillows, the outline of her body visible through the thin sheet. I asked her if she still wanted to talk and she gave me an inviting smile and patted the narrow space next to her. While I pulled my clothes off, Sal pulled back the sheet. I lay down next to her and covered her lips with mine, cupped her breasts, and slid one leg between hers, feeling her wet heat on my thigh.

Our fondling, humping, and kissing intensified when Sal reached between our squirming bodies and held my stiff cock. Her strokes were firm and deliberate, lubricated by pre-come. Sal begged me to fuck her. I moved on top of her and slid between her luscious legs. At first I just teased her with the head of my cock, probing gently at the opening of her pussy. Each time I probed, she'd thrust her hips up so I could bury more of myself inside her, and each time she moved toward me, I teased her by pulling back. When she pleaded with me to give it all to her, I took the plunge and gave her every inch of my dick. We went at each other like animals until we were both covered in sweat. Suddenly, I felt her pussy tighten around my cock and I lost it. As my strokes slowed and deepened, I shot into her pussy, and Sal held on through her own orgasm.

We both lay there, exhausted and out of breath, still tingling from our vigorous coupling. Once she was sound asleep with a peaceful smile on her lips, I slipped away to the other bedroom and fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke the next morning, Sal was gone and I was torn between feeling relieved and a little guilty. I still had to make a decision about my marriage, but I'd just gotten a taste of what I'd been missing. Now I really had something to think about. —*L.P., Pennsylvania*

HOMELAND HONEYS

I have become good friends with a woman from work since both our husbands were deployed to the Middle East. Lisa and I have other things in common and began spending a lot of time together after work. We always ended up complaining about how horny we are,

how often we masturbate, and what new toys and DVDs we had picked up at our favorite sex shop.

One Friday evening, while we were out having drinks, Lisa asked me if I'd kept track of how many times she and I had been hit on that night. I'd lost count, but I told her I was definitely going to get busy with my dildo when I got home. When she asked if I was tired of getting off by myself, I said yes, thinking she was going to suggest we hook up with some guys from the bar. That thought had crossed my mind, but as horny as I was, a one-night stand wouldn't really do it for me. Instead, she suggested I might enjoy it more if she was fucking me with one of my toys. I didn't know why I hadn't thought of it myself. Getting together with Lisa was an excellent idea and I couldn't wait to get her back to my place.

She asked if she could taste me. I was surprised, but even more surprised at how quickly I consented.

My pussy was already wet when Lisa and I undressed in my bedroom. I took in her beautiful body for the first time. Then, handing her my favorite dildo, I got on all fours, more than ready for Lisa to fuck me in my preferred position. But Lisa had other plans. She knelt behind me and asked if she could taste me first. I was surprised, but even more surprised at how quickly I consented.

My body trembled as Lisa parted my labia and gently used her tongue to explore my pussy. "Oh! That feels so good!" I moaned, pushing back against Lisa's mouth. I was hot—really hot! I rolled onto my back and Lisa spread my legs open and buried her tongue deep inside my quivering hole. Then she began to tongue-fuck me and suck on my clit, sending me into a tizzy.

"One word," Lisa sighed as she raised her head. "Mmm!"

I quickly turned over and Lisa buried the seven-inch dildo in my pussy from behind, giving me one of the best fucks of my life. It was incredible and definitely more erotic and satisfying for me than

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masturbating alone. I could have stayed there forever, letting Lisa have her way with me, but I was eager to return the favor.

After changing places with Lisa, I dove into her snatch. I took my time enjoying her sweet taste and making her come before thrusting the dildo inside her pussy and fucking her to yet another orgasm. Lisa took a few moments to catch her breath, then raised her legs and begged me to fuck her ass with the dildo. I grabbed the lube and spread some on to the dildo and Lisa's asshole before gently feeding the entire length into her.

"That's it, Wendy! Harder! Harder!" she screamed.

I gave her what she wanted and, as an added thrill, I pushed three fingers inside her pussy and began thrusting them in and out while still reaming her ass with the dildo. Suddenly, Lisa grabbed my hand and held my fingers inside her as her body tensed and she cried out incoherently.

That amazing night was the first of many. Now, while we're still waiting anxiously for our men to return home, we're having a great time satisfying each other. —W.J., Minnesota

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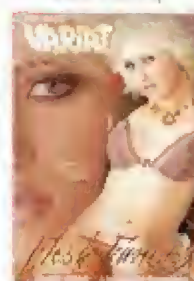
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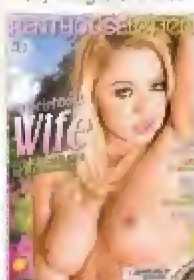
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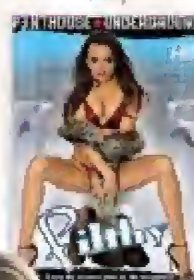
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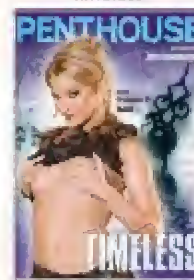
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COMING SOON IN PENTHOUSE




Pet of the Month
Kayden Kross



Amy Ried &
Charley Chase

Our next issue marks our 39th anniversary, and although we're already getting fired up about celebrating the big 4-0, we're not about to skip the party this year. We've got plenty of sexy, sensual ladies to keep us—and you—hot and bothered. For instance, in February 2006 we introduced you to a hot little number named Kayden Kross. Now she's back, more blonde and beautiful

than ever, as Pet of the Month. Plus, we've got that double dose of girl-on-girl action that we've all come to depend on for our, um, entertainment needs. But that's only the beginning of what's coming up in our special 39th Anniversary Issue. 

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